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The Week.

WE have little change to make in our last week's report of the elections. In Pennsylvania eighteen Union Congressmen are certainly elected, and only six Democrats, and of the latter one must prepare to defend his right to a seat before a committee, for his opponent alleges gross frauds. In Ohio the Union men lose one of the representative districts. It is that of Mr. Delano, in the centre of the State. Mr. Delano's position last winter was a little doubtful; he was suspected of being favorably inclined to the Presidential policy. Still, he had pronounced unmistakably in favor of the constitutional amendment, and it was decided to nominate him with the others. This course did prevent the young men of his party from going into the canvass with quite the accustomed energy, and did not prevent Mr. Johnson from turning over the Federal patronage to Mr. Delano's opponent. The Ohio loss of one is more than balanced, however, by the Pennsylvania assured gain of two, and very probable gain of one more in the Luzerne district, when the seat is contested. In Indiana the Democrats gained one and lost one, and the delegation stands as before, eight to three. This State is sure to send a Union senator, to take the place of a retiring Unionist, Henry S. Lane, and Pennsylvania is sure not to send back Cowan. Iowa is, of course, unanimously Union. As to popular majorities, the official returns will probably give the Union party in Pennsylvania 16,000, in Indiana, 13,000, in Ohio, 40,000.

THE effect of the elections on the President's "policy" is still unknown. He and Mr. Seward are doubtless deliberating carefully upon the whole matter, and we shall doubtless know before many days whether they will persist in saving the country from the Radicals, or let the whole concern, as Mr. Mantilini expressed it, go to "the demnition bow-wows." There are, however, various little indications that Mr. Johnson is going to make a virtue of necessity, and do what a great many better men have done before him, swallow the amendment, and let the Radicals have their way. Posterity will do him justice. His speeches against the Congressional measures are all down in black and white, and though they sometimes leave his real opinions in doubt, owing to the peculiarities of his style, they leave none whatever as to the drift of his feelings.

MR. BEECHER delivered a speech at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, on Monday evening, in which he, to all intents and purposes, recanted his late heresies. He acknowledged that specific remedies are sometimes necessary to help nature; made a savage onslaught on the Democratic party as the enemy of all good causes; acknowledged the right of the North to impose conditions of readmission on the South, and the right of Congress to frame them; and in fact got back, with great eloquence and dexterity, to his old position. The speech was brilliant and powerful, had only one fault, and that is, that it was not delivered five weeks ago. Still, it was taken by the audience, and we trust will be taken by the country, as satisfactory evidence that, in spite of the tricks Mr. Beecher's head has been playing with him, his heart has always been in the right place. But there is no denying that the popular confidence in his political insight has received a blow from which it will not readily recover. The *World*, which was, a fortnight ago, lauding him to the skies as a statesman and philanthropist of the rarest wisdom and fidelity, now pronounces him "a coward and a sneak." Those who, a week ago, pronounced him "a knave," who had "turned his back on morals and religion," will probably by next week hold him up once more as a model citizen, preacher, and patriot. That the ravers and ranters of both parties have not long ago confused the popular notions of right and wrong, shows what an intelligent and self-reliant public it is. If it believed even the great "moral" newspapers, it would conclude that a man could take off and put on his principles as readily as his shirt, turn villain at six o'clock in the evening and come down to breakfast the next morning a thorough saint, with all the traces of the previous day's sin scraped off.

IT is impossible, it appears, to try Jefferson Davis in October, at which time his case was to have come up, for an act of Congress appoints certain days in May and November for holding the U. S. Circuit Court for Virginia, and it is the Chief-Justice and not any inferior judge who must order special terms. Davis might be put upon trial on the 26th day of November next if it were not that a late act of Congress made certain changes in the judicial circuits. The Fourth Circuit used to consist of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and North Carolina. By the new act Delaware is taken away and South Carolina added. The judges doubt if this change does not legally necessitate a new allotment of circuits among themselves. Of course it is within the realm of the possible that the doubt may be resolved and Davis may be tried on the fourth Monday of next month—though we believe the Chief-Justice has declared his intention not to hold a court till after December next. Probably Congress will be invited to make some changes in the act above-mentioned, and Davis will stay at Fortress Monroe through the winter. It is understood that the President has abandoned his charge of murder, and that the United States Marshal whenever he calls on the military commandant at the fort can take away the prisoner. But he will be left there, as being there more comfortable, to say nothing of his being more secure, than he could be in any jail within the Fourth Circuit.

THE canvass grows warm in New York, but the *Tribune*, we are sorry to see, speaks less confidently as to the size of the majority than it did a fortnight ago, and seems disposed to be content with 25,000. The Fenians have resolutely refused the Banks bait, and vote as persistently against the "niggers" as if there was no talk of changing the neutrality laws, while the Germans are disgusted with the war waged by the Excise Board in this city against the Sunday consumption of lager beer. These two circumstances will probably tell somewhat heavily against the Republican party, but we still think they will do

better than 25,000 majority; and even this won in fair fight would, in our minds, be better and have more moral effect than 50,000 won by humbug.

THE expenditure of two dollars and a half would probably have saved the *Evening Star* and the lives of the three hundred miserable people aboard her. She went down in a gale, "hurricane" it is called by some people, in which a small boat lived and came to land. The ship was perfectly unmanageable, and lay like a log till the waves broke her to pieces and sent her to the bottom. She was unmanageable because the starboard rudder chain got out of the sheave. The sheave is a part of the machinery of the steering apparatus, and it is sufficient to say of it that it is of the nature of a pulley-block, through which the rudder chain above-mentioned may be supposed to pass over a wheel. Make a cheap sheave, and the chain slips off it easily, and command of the rudder is lost. Pay a little more for a sheave and you get one guarded with iron, from which the rudder chain cannot slip. In our ship-yards the rule is, that the ship-builder contracting with the owners to build a ship at such and such a price has all the iron-work of the vessel to furnish. He makes as great a saving on each item of the expense as he can, and never, or almost never, pays ten dollars for a good article when for five dollars or for nine dollars and ninety cents he can get an article that his employers can accept. It would be pleasant to learn that a change in this state of things could be brought about. Any of us may have to make a sea voyage, but if no one has an infallible method, which he is willing to make public, for turning all the world honest, we propose that there should be, as there is in tyrannical England, an efficient inspection of ships. "Liberty or death" is a true American watchword, but it need not mean liberty to build a worthless ship, and death by shipwreck if the owners choose to send her to sea, even after failing to effect an insurance.

THE *Tribune* has shown extraordinary energy and ability in getting election returns from all the four States which have just voted, and was in this respect far in advance of the other papers. But it seems to have no one capable of making up the returns when received. The paper for October 11th contained a mass of undigested returns from the West, and the *Tribune* of the 12th was full of blunders. Thus, on the first page, the Indiana table put the vote of Hendricks County in 1864 at 2,622 Republican to 833 Democratic, and the majority at the same time at 2,190, and made equally gross mistakes in respects to Martin, Tippecanoe, Vermilion, and other counties. Telegrams were received announcing Republican majorities of 200 in Hamilton County and 300 in Vigo, adding in each case that this was a gain of about 300. Now Hamilton gave over 1,700, and Vigo over 500 Republican majority in October, 1864, and any one acquainted with the facts would have seen instantly that the telegraph had made a mistake. But nobody in the *Tribune* office discovered the error, and it is religiously followed in three different parts of the paper; and the mistake as to Vigo County is repeated in the paper of the 15th inst. Other mistakes we pass over, but the table of the Ohio vote, on the inside of the *Tribune* of the 12th inst., is too absurd to be overlooked. The comparison professes to be made with the vote of 1864, but half the counties are compared with the vote of 1865, which was vastly different. Nor is there any clue by which the reader could guess what was the matter. The moral of this is, that a paper like the *Tribune* ought to know that election returns, like everything else, need the attention of men who understand them.

THE Union party is undoubtedly to be successful in the coming Missouri elections both of Assemblymen and Congressmen. It is true that the opposition make a great noise, but the rigorous registration law, which can be and is rigorously enforced, is fatal to their prospects. It will keep away from the polls not only the vast majority of the returned rebel soldiers, but also many of the sympathizers with rebellion who in 1864, were at home voting for McClellan. In that year the majority for Lincoln was about forty thousand. In some counties returned rebels, armed, may possibly succeed in casting some votes, but assuredly these will not be counted, and probably they will not be many, Governor Fletcher and the Union men being determined to enforce the law. F. P. Blair tried in vain to break it down in the courts, and,

although the well-known John Hogan said in May last that he knew the Supreme Court had made and would soon publish a decision adverse to the constitutionality of the law, yet most people, it is likely, before believing that will choose to wait and let the court speak for itself. The newspapers of Mr. Hogan's party, we observe, are extremely urgent in recommending their friends to be sure and register if they want to vote. The *St. Louis Republican*, in its issue of September 29th, emphasizes the injunction by printing it in six places on its editorial page and in large letters. Most of what illegal voting is done will have to be done surreptitiously by connivance of faithless registrars, and not enough of it will be done, not enough by twenty or thirty thousand votes, to give the Johnson men the legislature. As to the aid of the Federal forces, Blair, Noell, Hogan, and their friends will not be so ready to invoke it nor Mr. Johnson to render it as they and he were two months ago. General Sherman, we see, promises Governor Fletcher the last man in his command "to enforce the laws of free Missouri."

MR. BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN had a reprehensible way of seating himself on the political fence, with both legs on either side or either leg on both sides, so that the much distracted mind of even a 4-11-44 constituency would have been puzzled about how to bet on his jumping. But the voters of the Ninth New York Congressional District may sigh for Sawin after reading a recent address prepared for their information and delight by the ingenious but disingenuous Mr. Fernando Wood. "My guide," says Mr. Wood, "will be the Constitution as understood and explained by the Fathers of the Republic. On those other grave matters which are not defined in that instrument I shall favor a permanent disposition of the unsettled questions affecting the status of the Southern States and people which shall for ever remove all sectional or other differences." He says nothing about the large blue flies in the butchers' shops, and there is a little doubt in our minds as to which of the two possible congresses Mr. Wood means to make the scene of his benevolent activity. Neither, perhaps; for he says, "If elected, I shall be as independent as a representative as I am independent as a candidate." "A slantendicular walk," as St. Benjamin says, and extreme vagueness of statement are bad things; but contradictions in terms—is their political effect great in the Ninth District? After stating that his motive in running for Congress is that his triumphant return may be "a popular rebuke to those who utter the malicious falsehood that during the war I was a rebel sympathizer and disunionist," Mr. Wood goes on to say further that he also wishes his election because he desires to be placed in an official position where, unrestrained by partisan obligations, "I may follow the dictates of my own judgment for the public good." As one of the "Fathers of the Republic" remarked, "I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past, and judging by the past," etc., etc.

SOMEBODY—most probably Flint, the late "Druid" of the *New York World*, who supplied that journal during the war with those "inside views" of secession which gave Southern sympathizers in this city so much comfort—hoaxed the *Philadelphia Ledger* with the news that the President had submitted a series of questions to the Attorney-General by way of legal preparation for a *coup d'état*. The gold market was seriously affected by it for an hour or two, which was probably the object the knave had in view. This form of fraud would hardly have been attempted again had the Government done its duty in the Howard case. In that the criminal was liberated without trial, after a few weeks' imprisonment, and without even the offer of an excuse to the public.

JONATHAN WORTH, Governor of North Carolina, spoke from a sad heart to the negroes assembled in an Educational Convention at Raleigh, the other day. "Avoid politics," he said; "you see the strifes and troubles in which party politics have involved the whites. Let me advise you not to meddle with governmental affairs;" which, we suppose the Governor means to say, would probably lead black people into secession, rebellion, destruction of property, and other miseries; perhaps to an obstinate rejection of constitutional amendments, and refusal to repudiate the war debt of rebellion—perhaps even the establishment of new Salisburys in North Carolina in the interest of some

new sum of all villainies. The rest of the speech might almost seem to have been addressed to white men. The governor thought that bread and meat should be their first care; then that they should establish schools in which to educate their children; that they should always cultivate kind feelings towards the race with which they were living, not bearing enmity nor seeking to cheat or defraud; and that they should practise industry and virtue and seek to elevate their present not too high condition.

PROFESSOR F. W. NEWMAN, who generally writes sensibly on American matters, and who was popularly supposed to understand them, has been carrying on a—as far as he is concerned—most extraordinary correspondence with General Neal Dow. He thinks that most Northerners do not in the least understand the political affairs of this country; that Mr. Johnson holds Congress in the hollow of his hand, can do what he pleases with the army, and that he may possibly concentrate Southern forces under Robert E. Lee in and about Washington, and perform a *coup d'état*, and do ever so many other dreadful things. General Neal Dow wrote him a letter pointing out how absurd his alarms were, but it did not produce the slightest effect. "It brought him," he said, "no alleviation of his anxiety." He thinks Grant will do whatever the President tells him, however violent or illegal; that the army will obey his orders to the letter; and that Congress in the meantime "can do nothing but vote and talk," which, he says, is "mere wind." In the name of common sense, what would Parliament do if the Queen were to attempt a *coup d'état* with the aid of the Fenians and the army? Would it only "talk and vote?" and would its talking be "mere wind?" What did Parliament do when an Executive did attempt a *coup d'état*? Were Naseby and Worcester "mere wind?" Why cannot Congress take care of itself? Are there no soldiers to obey its orders—no taxpayers to open their purses when it calls for money? Is the Northern public an inert mass, incapable of self-defence? Something seems to have lately got into many of the English literary men, of all shades of politics, which takes all the common sense out of them when they begin to discuss either negroes or Americans. Professor Newman's letters are, in their way, as fine pieces of foolishness as Professor Kingsley's speech at the Eyre banquet.

LAST month the new organization of the Swedish Parliament went into operation for the first time. The reform, we may recall, consisted in suppressing the States-General, divided into four orders, and in erecting one legislative body of two Chambers, as is the modern fashion. The Lower Chamber is elected directly by the people, and numbers 191 deputies, whose term is three years; the Upper, numbering 125, appointed for a term of nine years, is chosen by the provincial assemblies, or *landsthings*. A man must be twenty-five years of age before he can vote, and thirty-five, with certain property qualifications, before he can become a member of the *landsthing*. The cities and the country vote at distinct elections. As these institutions differ considerably from those of other constitutional governments, their working will be watched with a good deal of interest. Meanwhile we may note that at Stockholm the liberals elected their thirteen candidates without an exception.

A MUCH more surprising social revolution, if it is to be credited, is the reported determination of the Viceroy of Egypt to govern that country hereafter by constitutional forms, adopting the French system as a model. Thus, Egypt has been divided into sixty electoral districts, each one of which will choose a representative, and the body thus created will be bound to examine and discuss the bills laid before it by another body appointed by the sovereign, and apparently senate and counsel of state in one. With how much authority this step has been taken by Ismail Pacha is uncertain, and those who favor a government founded upon distinctions of caste will probably prophesy ill to a mixture of Mussulman, Greek, Hebrew, and Armenian in the same politics. Everybody else will wish prosperity to an attempt to substitute law for the bow-string and bastinado, and a movement of Orientals away from the traditions and barbarism of the East.

THE FREEDMEN.

ACCORDING to the latest report the freedmen of Tennessee are prospering fairly and are mostly hard at work. Outrages upon them are rarely noticed by the authorities, but they are also comparatively few. Giles County is bitterest in feeling; in Montgomery, "the majority of the difficulties that occur are between freedmen and white citizens who never owned slaves;" in Lauderdale, McNairy, Madison, and Shelby, a dozen outrages are enumerated; but "the civil authorities of the city of Memphis are discharging their full duties in relieving the wants of the destitute colored people," and in Chattanooga sub-district "the freedmen are generally sustained in their legal rights." Only 713 freedmen are receiving rations.

—At the Front Street Theatre, in Baltimore, on Thursday evening last, a very large audience assembled at the call of the American Freedman's Union Commission, and was presided over by Chief-Justice Chase, who had just been chosen president of the organization in place of Bishop Simpson. Mr. Chase, Judge Russell, of Boston, Judge Bond, of Baltimore, General Howard, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher spoke with great impressiveness and to the entire satisfaction of those who heard them. It cannot be doubted that these proceedings will have a most happy effect on the labors of the Baltimore Association for the Moral and Educational Improvement of the Colored People, already composed of the most persistent and energetic workers in behalf of the freedmen, but as yet too much neglected and shunned by those whose religion should have taught them differently.

—In Alabama there are seven schools taught by as many Southern whites, three by seven colored men, and two by ex-Union soldiers, with a daily attendance of 729. The rations issued in September were—refugees, 190,932; freedmen, 91,685. The rations in Arkansas, for the same period, were—refugees, 5,048; freedmen, 6,853. Gen. Sprague, Assistant Commissioner of the latter State, relieved at his own request, is to be succeeded by Brev. Maj.-Gen. E. O. C. Ord, now commanding the department.

—Except about Newbern, where there is much indigence and suffering, the freed people of North Carolina are in good condition, industrious, and well treated. Average wages, for men, per month, are \$9 50; for women, \$5 15, exclusive of board and quarters. Famine is predicted if Government rations be entirely cut off.

—The State Convention of colored people that met at Raleigh, N. C., on the 2d inst., adjourned on the 6th. Letters were read from Governor Worth, W. W. Holden, W. A. Graham, B. F. Moore, and other prominent persons, in response to invitations to be present, all couched in the most respectful language, and apparently animated by sincerely friendly feelings. Governor Worth promised to attend and to promote officially the objects of the convention. Ex-Governor Holden urged them, in an address, to get homes and to educate their children, and otherwise to prepare themselves to remain a permanent and useful part of the population, and to enjoy the civil rights which they would inevitably obtain. The convention adopted a constitution for a freedmen's educational association, of which the object shall be "to aid in the establishment of schools, from which none shall be excluded on account of color or poverty, and to encourage unsectarian education in this State, especially among the freedmen." Among the resolutions was one making it the duty of every member, on his return home, to assist in forming an equal rights league; others, advising the formation of joint-stock companies and mutual patronage among colored people; thanking the Legislature for its courtesy in receiving their late petition, and expressing faith in that body; pledging the members to raise \$2,500 for a school-house, to serve also for public and State purposes. An address was issued to all the citizens of the State, without regard to color, setting forth the claims of the blacks to the right of suffrage.

There were in all 111 delegates from 82 counties (out of 87). Col. Brady, of the Bureau, contributed \$50 towards meeting the expenses of the convention, which is certainly to be regarded as a most auspicious token of the capacity of the blacks for self-respect and self-improvement, and of the advance they have already made towards winning the esteem of those who were so recently their enemies and oppressors.

Notes.

LITERARY.

IN a note to an article on "The Present Aspect of International Law" in the last number of the "North American Review," the charge of plagiarizing brought against Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., by Mr. Lawrence is discussed at some length, and evidently with authority. The circumstances under which Mr. Dana undertook the task of editing Wheaton are explained, as is also the manner in which he executed it, and Mr. Lawrence's charges are examined *seriatim*. The question may now be considered fairly settled, as far as the public is concerned, for it has been shown—though we are satisfied nobody who had ever heard Mr. Dana's name suspected the contrary—not only that he has not intentionally adopted as much as a single sentence from Mr. Lawrence, but that there is not in the whole of his notes a single passage which would furnish even a simpler or more ignorant or more susceptible man than Mr. Lawrence the least reason for thinking himself wronged. We have already quoted in this journal specimens of the few passages in which there is even a resemblance between Mr. Dana's method of treatment and Mr. Lawrence's, and our readers know that this resemblance is so slight that anybody who pretends to detect traces of literary theft in it places nothing in doubt but his own integrity or sanity.

—Boswell speaks with peculiar delight of the excellent style of the preface to Dr. Johnson's dictionary, and instances one sentence as an example of the nice adaptation of words which is the perfection of language. The sentence he quotes is: "When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of senses in their own nature collateral?" The recent thanksgiving proclamation of President Johnson seems to have been written with some reminiscence of Boswell's remarks. "Intrusive pestilence has been benignly mitigated" is a sentence in point; but Doctor Johnson would hardly have been guilty of the rest. The logic of the first sentence is still more curious than the style. We, however, do not expect elegant English from Mr. Johnson as we do from Mr. D. G. Mitchell, or rather did, until the appearance of "Dr. Johns," in which the author has allowed himself to use many words erroneously, and in his attempts at "word-painting" to blunder worse than a tenth-rate sculptor would in colors. We remember his speaking of "a hydrangea *flaming* in the door-yard," forgetting that that flower was always of the palest, most washed-out tint imaginable. Neither do we approve of "unctuous pig-sty" or "sprawling wood-pile." With instances worse than these on nearly every page, it is surprising to find Mr. Mitchell held up as a model of style. These are small faults, but so much the easier to avoid, and a good style is made up of small excellences. Even the best informed sometimes forget.

—The boy of the rising generation, whether father of the man or not, is the true son of his mother, for his devotion to light literature must be enormous. "The Student and Schoolmate," "The Little Corporal," "Merry's Museum," "Our Young Folks," and the projected "Infant's Magazine" of Miss Seaverns, are soon to have two or three dangerous competitors. Messrs. Lee & Shepard are to issue on New Year's, 1867, the first number of "Our Boys and Girls," a juvenile magazine, of which Mr. Wm. T. Adams is to be editor. Mr. Adams, a successful teacher in Boston, is also favorably known to several hundreds of thousands of young gentlemen and ladies as "Oliver Optic." Another magazine, addressed to the same class of readers, is to be published by Hurd & Houghton, and is to be called "The Riverside Magazine for Young People." The Bible Society also promise a similar periodical which ought to have a large Sunday-school circulation. The magazine of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mr. J. R. Gilmore are to have charge—and which will possess two novel features, for it is to be issued weekly, and it is to be edited in one city and published in another—will probably be entertaining and sprightly rather than particularly able. We believe it is to have the benefit of contributions by former writers for the old "Knickerbocker" and "Vanity Fair."

—We wonder how many readers know more about Jean Grolier de Servier than that his books all bore the generous inscription, "Jo. Gro-

lierii et amicorum." Yet at thirty Jean Grolier was treasurer-general of the Duchy of Milan, and in 1534 he was sent as ambassador to Pope Clement VII. by Francis I. Further on we find him mixed up in the disputes of Benvenuto Cellini and the Duchesse d'Etampes, and subsequently pursuing a career of great honor, controlling everything, and extricating himself from great complications by his prudence, until, in 1565, he died grand treasurer of France, in a beautiful palace, containing a splendid library of rare and exquisite books. For his books he will be always remembered, for those he had bound in the choicest manner, after designs of the most celebrated artists of the age, and then—was willing to lend them. He was a veritable Mæcenas. Poets and authors praised him, and Aldus and his worthy successors dedicated to him their finest publications. His library was kept intact for some years, but is now dispersed throughout the fine libraries of Europe. The Louvre and the British Museum boast several volumes, other collections have rarely more than two, for the possession of a single one confers a distinction of nobility among bibliophiles. M. Le Roux de Lincy, secretary of the Society of French Bibliophiles, has just written a volume of "Recherches sur Jean Grolier," in which is a catalogue of the wonderful library; and M. Pothier, the publisher, has given several fac-similes of the bindings, where every one can admire the motto, "For me and my friends," and also see another inscription, borrowed from the Psalmist: "Portio mea, Domine, sit in terrâ viventium."

—Mr. John Hill Burton, the author of "The Book-hunter," has in press "The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688." It is to be comprised in six volumes octavo, of which four, bringing the narrative down to the abdication of Queen Mary, will be published in November by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons. The author professes to give the results of scientific enquiries into the vestiges of the early inhabitants of Scotland, the work of linguists and etymologists with regard to the early races. He also has tested all the accounts of Roman domination by laborious searches into the remains of Roman occupation. Besides this, the early artistic relics and the later castles and baronial halls have been explored by the artist and the antiquarian, and Mr. Burton hopes to prove the existence of a special school of Scottish art.

—The Italian Government have resolved to spare the celebrated monastery of Monte Cassino, founded by Saint Benedict himself, and which has passed through so many vicissitudes. It has for many years been the abode of learning rather than piety, and possesses a library filled with valuable manuscripts. It is to be maintained in its present state as a national monument. The archives, library, and monuments of the monastery are intact, and Tosti, its most celebrated monk, is made the keeper. The convent of San Marco at Florence, famous for the frescoes of Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo, and for its associations with Savonarola, is likewise spared. The rest of the Italian monasteries are broken up, their property confiscated, and their buildings either sold or converted to the uses of the Government.

—A curious addition to books of polemic theology is "The End of All Things; or, The Coming of Christ," by an anonymous author, a clergyman of the Church of England. It is an argument against Millenarianism, and is interesting for its sketch of the rise of the doctrine with the well-meaning but weak-minded Papias, and its progress through all sects and shades of belief, until "more than half of the evangelical clergy of the Church of England are at this moment Millenarians." The variety of forms which the doctrine has taken, and particularly that propounded by Edward Irving of "The Secret Coming of Christ," are worthy of attention as making a curious chapter in the history of delusion. There is in England an energetic propaganda of Millenarian notions, called the "Prophecy Investigation Society," which consists of fifty members, some of them prominent Churchmen, and which has published a series of volumes on prophetic subjects, adding largely to apocalyptic literature. This is a work of supererogation, for already "nearly twelve hundred volumes have been written with a view to expound the whole or parts of the Book of Revelation, and no two writers out of this large number agree together on all points." There are numerous journals published in England to support these views. The most important is the "Quarterly Journal of Pro-

phcey," edited by Dr. Bonar, of the Free Church of Scotland, which has been established fourteen years and has a large circulation. The "Rainbow" is a monthly periodical; the "Christian Observer," the monthly journal of the evangelicals, often displays Millenarian tendencies. There are, besides, numerous weeklies of small circulation, the chief being the *Revivalist*, originally established to promote revivals in personal religion, but now devoted to the spread of Millenarian views.

EDUCATIONAL.

We have referred from time to time in our columns to the progress which is making in different parts of the country toward the establishment of schools of practical science in accordance with the terms of the Congressional grant erroneously and yet commonly known as the "Agricultural College Bill." The portion of land which fell to the lot of Kentucky by that appropriation amounted to 330,000 acres. By a vote of the Legislature of the State, the income which in due time will come from the sale of this land is to be devoted to an "agricultural and mechanical college" about to be opened as one of the departments of the University of Kentucky, at Lexington. By private subscription the sum of \$100,000 has been raised for the purchase of a farm and the erection of buildings, and the authorities now announce with undisguised satisfaction that "Ashland," the former home of Henry Clay, and the "Woodlands," an adjacent tract, comprising in all over four hundred acres of first-rate land, is now the property of the new institution. One feature in the organization of this school will be watched with considerable interest. An attempt is once more to be made to combine manual labor with scholastic pursuits. This has commonly been found impracticable in American institutions, though it has been repeatedly and faithfully and believingly tried. We cannot hope that the plan will work well in Kentucky, but the experiment will probably be thoroughly made and may be instructive. Every scholar of this new department will be required to spend at least two hours daily in manual labor.

Till the land-scrip is sold, the Legislature gives \$20,000 per year for the maintenance of this school. Kentucky will soon see the wisdom of such unexpected liberality.

This "University of Kentucky," to which allusion has just been made, is in many respects a unique institution. There is something decidedly Western in all its arrangements. "Our American people," says the regent in a recent official document, "have become tired of the old educational systems of the country, which are mostly but the types of Cambridge and Oxford, whose foundations were laid away back in the dark ages. They want something more than the everlasting Latin and Greek and mathematics, whose myths and forms have hung ghost-like so long in the halls of those hoary institutions, and whose slavish worship has crushed the spirit and constitution of many a toil-worn student." So much for Kentucky views of the past, and of all the long line of college benefactors from the days of Alfred the Great. Now for Kentucky views of the future. Ten years ago Mr. John B. Bowman conceived a plan for a modern university, and "proposed to devote his life to its upbuilding." He has so far succeeded that a fund of \$200,000 has been raised, several colleges have been combined in one institution, and twenty-three professors and instructors have been charged with the instruction of three hundred and two catalogued students. The six departments of the university are designated—the college of arts, the agricultural and mechanical college, the college of the Bible, the college of law, the normal college, and the college of medicine. Each professor has a "school" of his own, and the course in each "college" is made up by a selection from the studies taught in the several "schools." There is a practical economy of professorial labor in this way which is good; but there must be also many practical difficulties. As we only know the college as it appears on paper, we shall not enter at present into any criticism of its characteristic features. We do not apprehend that Kentucky will complain that the new university is a mere imitation of Oxford and Cambridge, or even of Harvard and Yale. The State may have inaugurated a system of great fitness for the wants of its own people, but time alone can determine.

—Few persons, we are sure, are aware of the amount of good now accomplished by the Cooper Union of this city. The seventh annual report, just published, tells a story which we confess surprises us. We were familiar, like all New Yorkers, with the free reading room and the Bryan picture gallery and the great hall, and we knew that there were evening classes and occasional lectures under the direction of the trustees. We supposed, however, that the pupils came and went very much at their own pleasure, somewhat as they do in the classes of the Mercantile Library. We find, however, organized courses of study, extending through a term of years, ending in examinations with certificates of merit, and open not to mere tyros, but only to those young men and women who have already made some attainments in learning, and are so absorbed with practical occupations in the daytime that the evening is their only opportunity for further study. During the last winter there were on the average over 1,000 such pupils. The number who entered at the beginning of the season was 1,571, and the number who remained at the close, six months later, was 958, a very large proportion when we consider the difficulties in the way of all who attempt to combine a life of labor and a life of study. The evening school is in two departments, "science" and "art." None enter the scientific school unless fitted to study algebra, and the five years' course includes algebra, plane, solid, and analytical geometry, the calculus, mechanics and mechanical drawing, chemistry and physics. In the evening art school the pupils are taught in architectural, mechanical, and free-hand drawing, and in drawing from cast and life. The effect of such instruction upon men and women already engaged in the manifold pursuits of life must be admirable. Besides these night classes the Union maintains the well-known "School of Design for Women," with 200 pupils, and music classes with 400 pupils, a literary class with 120 pupils, a capital reading room, visited last year by over 200,000 persons, and an exhibition of pictures, visited by as many more. All this comes from the liberality of a single merchant in New York.

—Half a century having passed since the earliest attempts were made in this country for the instruction of deaf mutes, a semi-centennial celebration was held a short time ago at the American Asylum in Hartford, the original institution, which was established in 1816. Many former pupils now engaged in the various occupations of active life, and many persons interested in the education of the deaf and dumb, were brought together on the occasion. In this connection our readers may be interested in a brief account of a discussion which has lately been revived in respect to the proper modes of instructing deaf mutes. Dr. S. G. Howe, the well-known philanthropist of South Boston, has been for many years an advocate of teaching the deaf and dumb to articulate sounds. The task is difficult under the most favorable circumstances; but it has been accomplished in some European institutions with a degree of success which is not so encouraging as it is surprising. In a recent report to the Massachusetts Legislature, Dr. Howe has officially, as chairman of the State Board of Charities, renewed his advocacy of instruction in articulation, and has gone so far as to urge that the Massachusetts deaf mutes who are now taught in the asylum at Hartford be taken away and instructed in a new school to be established in their own State. In making this proposal he commends "the able, accomplished, and zealous teachers" in Connecticut, but he urges the change because "the friends of the system of articulation do not believe that it can ever have a fair trial in the Hartford school." To these strictures of Dr. Howe a vigorous reply has been made by Mr. Collins Stone, the experienced and able principal of the institution at Hartford. He argues that a great deal of time is lost by the articulative method in teaching sounds without promoting mental culture; that under this system a large number of deaf mutes must be left without instruction; that the intonations and distortions in teaching and practising articulation are disagreeable; that the prominent successful cases of learning to articulate are pupils who lost their hearing *after learning to talk*; that the power to talk in general society is not acquired by this method of instruction; that the expense of teaching is increased; that religious instruction is necessarily deferred by this method, and learning trades is precluded; that signs are still indispensable to those who articulate; that deaf mutes must learn to read the lips as well as to speak; and

finally, that the results attained by the sign method far surpass the results accomplished by the instructions in articulation. These views are ably defended in the fiftieth report of the American Asylum at Hartford, a document to which we refer all who are interested in a fuller discussion of this most interesting question.

MRS. AKERS—MISS CARY.*

BETTER than by her pseudonym "Florence Percy," or than by her own name, readers of late minor poetry will recognize in Mrs. Akers a favorite verse-writer when we say that she is the author of the touching lines, "Rock me to sleep." They deserve to be liked. It is no wonder that they have been sung everywhere, for they give sweet and unaffected expression to the sentiment of the purest tie between human hearts; they present it as it exists, kinder and dearer than even the reality, in the tender light of memory, and with all its sweetness increased by contrast with the harsh experiences of the world.

"Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!"

"Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep."

We see no reason why the popularity of such verses should not be very long continued. In many of the other verses there is too much of the same tone of sadness which, in these, is not a defect but a beauty—too much of a sick-room and sick-bed plaintiveness and weariness. One reads on, and it is impossible not to wish that the windows could be thrown up, and a breeze of healthy cheeriness let blow in to disperse these languors. Yet it seems not affected, not pensiveness preposse. Even when Mrs. Akers obviously borrows thoughts and forms from other poets, this customary sadness seems to be her own and natural. For instance, much of the following poem, one of the poorest in the book, belongs to Tennyson, who has been a little melancholy in the same measure before; and when Mrs. Akers was gathering up materials for her volume it would have been judicious in her to have suppressed "Tempt me no more," on account of this suggestiveness; but the mournfulness in it is not mock mournfulness, we should say, but real:

"Tempt me no more, thy tones are sweet and deep;
Yet they fall vainly on my weary ears;
Pass on and leave me here to dream and weep,
Counting the footfalls of the lonesome years;—
Tempt me no more!"

"My wreath of life holds no fresh bloom for thee,—
Its flowers are strewn on unforgotten graves,—
Only its withered leaves remain to me,
And they drift darkly toward death's wintry waves;—
Tempt me no more!"

"Gather not rose-leaves trampled in the dust;
No kindness can their wasted bloom renew.
Go, let them die unheeded as they must;
Seek thou for blossoms fresh and bright with dew;—
Tempt me no more!"

We find in the poems no extraordinary force of thought, but never obscurity of thought or want of clearness in expression, a proneness to gentle melancholy, considerable fertility and happiness of fancy—though, as in "Tempt me no more," incongruous images are too often brought into juxtaposition—and a versification generally very correct and easy. After the "Rock me to sleep," the pieces we should select as the most favorable examples of the poet's powers are "Snow" and "The Mountains." The former we mention as being a specimen of the author's best success in reproducing nature:

"Hanging garlands the eaves o'erbrim,
Deep drifts smother the paths below,
The elms are shrouded, trunk and limb,
And all the air is dizzy and dim
With a whirl of dancing, dazzling snow.

"Dimly out of the baffled sight
Houses and church spires stretch away," etc.

"Dazzling" is not good there, nor garlands o'er brimming eaves, but otherwise the picture is noticeably well done, and the rest of the poem is not un-

worthy of it. "The Mountains" is less widely known than "Snow," which latter was published in the "Atlantic Monthly," and at once became a favorite, so we make room for it here, hoping and believing that we have not injured it by cutting off two stanzas from the end. The authoress has rather more than Longfellow's fondness for tacking morals or applications to her poems, and manages the matter with less than Longfellow's skill:

"Sitting alone in this silent room,
Blinded with weeping, and sick and strange,
I see it, whitening out of the gloom,
A chill and sorrowful mountain range.

"Never o'er summit, or sweep, or slope,
A gleam of gladness or pleasure thrills,
Never a glimmer of joy or hope
Blesses or brightens these desolate hills.

"All the winds which over them blow,
Are sighs too bitter to brook control,
And all the freshening rains they know
Are hot tears wrung from a stricken soul.

"First is a pallid, smileless face,
Turned for ever away from tears,
Then two pale hands which will keep their place,
Folded from labor through all the years.

"Then the knees which will never bow,
Never bend or obey again;
And then the motionless feet which now
Are done with walking in sun and rain.

"These are the mountains, and over all
Sinks and settles the winding-sheet,
Following sharply each rise and fall
From the pallid face to the quiet feet.

"These are the mountains which through the gloom
Rising whitely and cold I see,
Sloping into the shadowy tomb,
The mournful hills of mortality."

The body, "the bloody house of life" of Shakespeare, the Scriptural "temple of God," has been made the subject of poems by two late poets—Tennyson, in the "Deserted House," and Poe, in the "Haunted Palace"—but in this poem, which these may have perhaps suggested, Mrs. Akers certainly merits for her way of treating the theme the praise of originality. We do not pronounce her work equal to those, one of which is extraordinary, but it may safely be pronounced the most imaginative and impressive of her poems. It is safe, too, to say that a writer capable of producing the three pieces of hers above mentioned not only may permit herself to write and publish verses for her own amusement or as a means of self-culture, but also earns the thanks of readers of poetry, to whom much that she writes will certainly give genuine pleasure.

The same thing may be said of Alice Cary, whose pure and graceful poetry it is not possible to read without sharing, and being made better by being made to share, her overflowing sympathy with all her fellow-creatures who need sympathy, her pity for the neglected, the discouraged, the unfortunate, for the unlearned poor man, for the village idiot, "poor simple boy, his senses cheated of their birth," the men and women, uncomplaining and humble, all the days of whose pathetic lives are days of labor till death ends their too many griefs and cares and scanty joys. Her heart is full of kindness and innocence, and if the "Thoughts and Theories" of her book are not very recondite or profound, she has that "simplicity concerning sin" which the highest authority pronounces the true human wisdom. Add to this charm of her writings one which harmonizes with it, the constancy with which rural imagery, homely, peaceful, and sweet, is used in expressing a guilelessness and kindliness which would be at home in Arcadia.

The volume is divided into three parts of nearly equal extent, "Ballads," "Thoughts and Theories," and "Hymns." We do not intend to enter upon a consideration of their poetical merits, and we have hardly space for quotation of any one piece which would show the chief characteristics of Miss Cary's style. Perhaps these stanzas from the ballad of "The Shoemaker" may be taken as a fair specimen of her manner and matter:

"Now the hickory with its hum
Cheers the wild and rainy weather,
And the shoemaker has come
With his lapstone, last, and leather;
With his head as white as wool,
With the wrinkles getting bolder,
And his heart with news as full
As the wallet on his shoulder.

"How the children's hearts will beat,
How their eyes will shine with pleasure
As he sets their little feet,
Bare and rosy, in his measure;
When he tells the merry news,
How their eyes will laugh and glisten,
While the mother binds the shoes,
And they gather round and listen.

"But each one leaning low
On his lapstone will be crying
As he tells how little Jo
With a broken back is dying—

* "Poems by Elizabeth Akers (Florence Percy)." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. "Blue and gold."

"Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns. Alice Cary." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 8vo. Illustrated.

Of the way he came to fall
In the flowery April weather—
Of the new shoes on the wall
That are hanging, tied together.

"How the face of little Jo
Has grown white, and they who love him
See the shadows come and go
As if angels flew above him.
And the old shoemaker, true
To the woe of the disaster,
Will uplift his apron blue
To his eyes, then work the faster."

Better poems are "An Order for a Picture," "The Bridal Veil," "If and If," and the first of the "Hymns," "The Sure Witness." The volume is richly and expensively bound; the paper is thick and tinted; and there are sixteen engravings, one of which is a portrait on steel of the authoress.

AN OLD FAIRY TALE.*

THERE is a delightful story, the most beloved of all the fairy legends of Europe, which first took the general form in which it has grown famous under the title, "La Belle au Bois Dormant," which we translate "The Beauty of the Sleeping Wood," or, more freely, "The Beauty of the Enchanted Forest." This was the name that Perrault gave the delicious tale which in France and with French children remains as he wrote it, and still bears the name he gave. Theirs differs a little from our English version. The seven good and the uninvited, wicked eighth fairy come to the christening feast of the infant princess. One of the seven hides herself on purpose to be last at the offering of gifts and to be able to render harmless any evil gift that the malicious fairy may bestow. She is thus able to promise that the spindle wound, which she cannot wholly prevent, shall not kill the princess, but only put her to sleep for an hundred years, at the expiration of which time a royal prince shall wake her. The princess is about fifteen years old when her parents take her with them to a country palace, a Bal-moral or Compiègne, where, finding in a turret not the wicked fairy disguised, but an innocent old woman who has never heard of the law against spindles, she wounds herself when she tries to spin, and so falls asleep. The good fairy comes post-haste from Mataquin, summoned thence by her dwarf, who has seven-league boots; while she herself gets over the ground in a chariot "tout de feu," and drawn by dragons, in which she makes the twelve thousand leagues in an hour. The wise fairy, being "grandement prévoyante," foresees that it would be awkward for the princess to awake alone an hundred years in the future (as one may imagine it would have embarrassed Perrault himself to have slept from 1690 to 1790, and to have found himself then Citizen Perrault of the Republic, one and indivisible), and provides for her by a stroke of the magic wand, putting to sleep for the century all the officers and servants of the castle, horses and hounds, fire and water, even the princess's lap-dog. The king and queen leave the castle, issuing orders that no one shall approach it—useless precaution, for the wood grows thick and dense around it in a quarter of an hour, and vines and briars mat the whole together and form an impassable barrier, all by the fairy's art. The waking up is as in the English version, except that the kiss is omitted, probably because "les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur nocces, il n'est pas la coutume de France." But Perrault is a true romanticist, and gives us the details. The enamored pair talk for four hours; the servants, who have awaked and are not in love, go on preparing dinner; the princess is informed of it by her hungry maids of honor; the prince leads her in, and is careful not to tell her that she is dressed like my grandmother, and that she has what, it seems, she should not have, "un collet monté," a high-necked dress. But she is not less beautiful on that account. The prince marries her, and, going home the next day, conceals his good fortune for fear of his mother, a lady of the blood of the ogres, and for two years visits his wife by stealth, until the death of his father makes him the master, and he brings his wife and two children home in triumph. The attempts of the ogress queen dowager to eat her grandchildren and daughter-in-law, and her orders to her maître d'hôtel to serve them up "à la sauce Robert," and the sequel, the English, wisely enough, put into another legend.

It is to match this tale that Gustave Doré's now well-known designs were made. There are six of them. The first is the princess finding the spinning old woman in the tower, in which the artist seems to have conceived the old woman as a fairy disguised, in the spirit of the English version of the story—at least it is so we read the meaning of the "grim, un-

gainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," the long-legged and spindle-tailed raven perched upon the high-backed chair. The old woman is vigorously drawn, a coarse and vulgar old woman enough, and the princess just sufficiently refined-looking, seeming to the crone her daughter masquerading in fine clothes. The second picture shows the distant castle towering above the magic wood, the prince and his followers staring at it, and the prince questioning some woods-people. The tangled landscape is very effective, and makes this the best of the six pictures. The third shows the prince walking up the avenue towards an insignificant-looking doorway, with a New York high stoop and a man asleep on the top step of it—the whole picture very coarsely and slightly drawn and thoroughly meaningless. The fourth shows the interior of a room with a revel suddenly checked, revelers and servants asleep; the room overrun with climbing vines, tapestried with huge cobwebs, and floored with fungi. The next is in the castle-court, where huntsmen and hounds are asleep as about starting for the chase; and the sixth shows the princess's chamber, her couch curtained by rioting wild vines, herself asleep thereon, and the prince rushing towards her. These pictures are not in Doré's best manner. The only thing in the story that seems to have interested him is the strangeness of the scenes of arrested life, and the only thing he has enjoyed doing was the contrasting of this death-in-life with the luxuriant vegetation and the eager prince. It suggests itself to the reader to ask how the "prévoyante" fairy should allow the castle to become so unfit for the nuptials—why the soporific spell took no effect upon the spiders, but left them alive to weave their webs for a hundred years—how wild vines should, contrary to vegetable nature, run from outdoors in, and climb willingly in dark corners, and give up all longing for out-of-door daylight—whether, in the days when the Florid-Gothic castle was built, banquetting-rooms were left unfloored, as the toadstools, springing neither from rotting planks nor from between flagstones, show this one to have been—and whether the wild orgy in which this company were surprised was indeed the daily life of the royal country residence. Doré, in these half-dozen pictures, has shown no other noticeable power than his usual clever handling of light and shade in xylography. The amount of "imagination" or "genius" in them would hardly furnish forth one of the painters of scenes from Shakespeare in our annual exhibitions.

Tom Hood, whose capital rhymes for children we have noticed before, has put the story into verse to match the English republication of Doré's wood-cuts. He wrote to the pictures, but they did not bind him closely, and, without contradicting them, he has adhered generally to the English version, with all its inferiority to the older French one, and with only one of its merits—the cutting off of the inconsequent conclusion. He has made it much too long, nearly a thousand lines; four times too long for the sparkling poem he has tried to make it; three-fourths as long as "Maud."

It is undoubtedly very clever. It is generally in the vein of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and much of it might be taken almost for the real Barham:

"Shrieked Spite, 'Silence, gaby!
Let's look at the baby.'
The queen, in a tremble,
Her fears to dissemble,
Said, 'Here is the darling, Papa she'll resemble.
You'd like p'rhaps to take her,
But please not to wake her,
She sleeps,' etc.

And

"Cried the Prince, leaping o'er
The page, 'Qu'il s'endort.'
So he left that inveterate sleeper to snore
While he ventured on further the place to explore."

And there is something of Thomas Ingoldsby, and something, too, of Thomas Hood—old Tom Hood—in the lines all rhyming with "Stopt!"

"The steed that in the palace court-yard croupt—
The very bird upon the roof that hopt—"

and so on, fifteen of them.

The poem is hardly a children's poem, partly because of its length, partly because of its difficult and ever-changing metres, which no nurse and few mammas could manage, but more because of the forced jokes and rather elaborate puns with which it bristles, and which to children would be words without meaning:

"An old pillow I vow;
But you'll surely allow
That unless of some slumber your need is the uttermost,
A sleep on a buttress seems anything but rest."

"Past grooms as unawakened as sad sinners,
Past screws of hunters sound as Derby winners."

"In tiring-rooms he views
The ladies' maids so tired they're in a snooze,"

and so on all through the poem. It becomes very fatiguing, and one would be glad to be as unconscious of them as the children are sure to be.

* "Les Contes de Perrault. Dessins par Gustave Doré." Paris: Hetzel. 1864.

"Fairy Realm. A Collection of the Favorite Old Tales. Illustrated by the pencil of Gustave Doré. Told in verse by Tom Hood." London: Ward, Lock & Tyler.

"An Old Fairy Tale told anew in Pictures and Verse. By Richard Doyle and J. R. Planché." London: Routledge.

"Poems by Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by T. Creswick and others." London: Moxon. 1859.

And yet the poem is not worthless, but, as we have said, very clever. And some parts are better than that, especially the description of the palace, in such metre and such really fine stanzas as—

"The sunlight slumbered on the wall;
The traced shadow did not crawl,
Or scarcely crept;
Dreaming the white lake-lilies lay;
Above their image, still as they,
The hushed wave slept."

This description would be a very good poem of itself, but for the weak lines that too often appear in it,

"Where expletives their feeble aid do join."

Richard Doyle has made some pictures illustrating the story, and they are published in a small volume with another versified version. They are full of sweet and graceful fancy. Those—and they are many—who know Doyle only through his pictures of ludicrous incident, will see a new charm in his farce after familiarity with his comedy. And there are pleasant things in this series of pictures that we do not remember elsewhere in his works. Thus, that is a wonderfully effective picture, in effects of light and shade as well as in sentiment, which shows the wicked fairy crouched on the ground with her flock of ravens about her, some pecking about, some alighting, some flying toward her, while her dark tower rises behind against an evening sky. It is a sweet little face, that of the good fairy who hides to bide her time, and which peeps through the tapestry in the title-page vignette and again on page 13. The scene where she is about leaving—her dragon-car at the door, a mustachioed elf on the box holding the reins and whip, and a mite of a tiger in a sugar-loaf hat at the beasts' heads, holding an ear of one and a great tooth of the other, as he stands between them and the seven or more footmen behind, is a spirited piece of realization. Thus, and not otherwise, did the fairies drive home. The soldier and the children he is keeping back with his halberd, the king, the "waterman" behind him with finger to hat, are all very human; the chariot and the appurtenances with the fairy are very fairy-like, and it is pretty to see how well they mingled in those good old days. The pictures of the sleepers are not less interesting; that of the maid of honor and her lover is perhaps the best. It is curious to notice how Doyle, not esteemed a learned antiquarian, certainly not well "up" in castles, and insufficient in intricacies of costume, has yet caught the spirit of Gothic ornament much more truly than Doré. He has perceived that quaintness and gloom and spiky points and broken shadows were but an incidental part of the ornament of that great age of decorative art, and mainly an incidental part of its decay; he has seen that the covering of everything with figure-subjects and story was the chief thing, before which other considerations had to bow. He is a little disposed to laugh at grim saints and stiff Adams and Eves; but the heartiest lover of mediæval art may forgive that. The elegant and graceful fancy of Richard Doyle was never more agreeably shown than in some of these illustrations.

The poetical story by J. R. Planché is very unsatisfactory. He has contrived to make the dear old story uninteresting, and that is hard. But he has also misunderstood Doyle more than once, and, writing to match his pictures, has failed to do so—or so it seems to us. The valueless character of this work, as a poem, is to be regretted, because Mr. Planché has translated Perrault's tales in prose very well, and his book is one of the best fairy books in the language.

Mr. Millais's two excellent illustrations, given in that most charming of gift-books, the illustrated Tennyson of 1859, are by this time well known. One shows the maid of honor and page on a terrace, the prince looking at them in astonishment, and the other, the king, awaking at the banquet and finding his beard grown into his lap. Excellent this latter is, in every way, and especially full of spirited action, though we are left to ask why the barons' beards did not grow as well as the king's. But that question, if asked, would put us in the awkward position of finding fault with the poem these pictures illustrate, the beautiful "Day Dream"—

"The varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains."

What reader of English can tell whether the old story itself would have grown so charming to him but for its association with this perfect poem? There are the various degrees of talent in story-telling, and Perrault and Doré and Doyle are good at it. But the great poet is the man, after all, who can tell a story the best. And when it is a love tale and a rather comic story in one, it is hard to see how any but the greatest genius can get the whole interest from it. This Tennyson has done. The fun of the thing is more hearty and complete with him than even with Perrault, while Doré does not feel it—nor, perhaps, any other innocent fun; and Doyle, who comes next to Tennyson, is still behind him. Then the poem is perfect in tone; not even

Tennyson himself in his matured power has excelled this earlier work of his in this respect; the dreamy calm of the thought and verse is inimitable. And the poem closes with one of the truest bits of love-making anywhere, the four stanzas which begin and end thus:

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.

"And o'er the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

WE do not profess an acquaintance with all the numbers of the *North American* since the first appearance of the venerable quarterly fifty-odd years ago, but we doubt if any previous number has ever contained so many articles as this contains which the public generally may well be glad to read. The great wit and keenness of Lowell, who, if, as some say, he writes for victory, as everybody will say, is pretty sure to get what he writes for, and to delight foes and friends; the pleasant humor of Howells, who, quite recently but quite certainly, has taken a very honorable place among American authors; Norton's limpid English and constant faithfulness to the highest ideal of our American civilization; Parton's exceeding cleverness in the choice and treatment of a talking subject; a fair specimen of Curtis's manliest style of writing—all are offered in this number, and combine to furnish forth a literary treat to which American periodicals not often invite their readers.

The subject of Mr. Howells's paper is those "Modern Italian Poets," Monti, Leopardi, Foscolo, Cesarotti, Manzoni, and their contemporaries, who to most people are only names; and the prevailing ignorance on this side of the water is nearly equalled on the other side among the French and English, if we may judge the latter by Miss Frances Power Cobbe's book, "Italics," and the former by what M. Marc-Monnier appears to think of his countrymen's acquaintance with the subject. What Mr. Howells says of this gentleman is a very good specimen of the less subtle shade of his humor:

"But it is certain that if there is another Frenchman in this world more disagreeable than the Frenchman who believes that nothing is great which is not Parisian, it is that rare Frenchman who has found out the national mistake and desires to convince his compatriots of their error. He feels that, however great the newly-discovered un-Gallic grandeur may be, it is not at all comparable to his own grandeur in discovering it. . . . Sitting in a corner of Italy (which it seems the French nation had the amiable habit of calling the Land of the Dead), Monsieur Monnier takes the Italian literature of this century upon his knee and discerns that it is a Christmas pie of incredible depth and relish; and breaking through the crust of a language supposed to be devoted solely to the libretti of operas, he pulls out one plum after another with never-failing cries of exultation in the remarkable genius which divined their existence. He lauds this pie with deafening uproar; he praises and patronizes these plums with noble condescension: 'Ah! my great fellow-countrymen, you supposed this pie was no better than the charred pastry which they dig out of Pompeian ovens, and that the plums in it were so many dead coals! But behold history, but behold poetry, but behold philosophy, but behold political economy! Death of my life! behold fresh and honeyed plums plucked yesterday from the living tree!'"

If there are to be no more of these papers, this one is too short!

Prof. E. P. Evans, in an ingenious and eloquent essay, provides for any one who likes it a complete and fully appointed theory of art. To all former classifications of the arts and attempts at creating a philosophy of art, he has one and another exception to take and a system of his own to offer. By the fine arts he means architecture, sculpture, and painting—the imaging arts; and music, poetry, and prose—the speaking arts. The order above given is that dictated as well by their logical relations as by their chronological development; first in time and lowest in point of expression is architecture; last in time, highest in point of expression, not last of all the arts, is prose. At the bottom of all the arts lies the religious feeling; it is the sentiment of worship that is the mother of them all. Architecture, some suppose, was developed from house-building; man first sought shelter from weather, then he beautified his shelter, and architecture arose. But architecture has no more connection with the first hut of a man than it has with the lair a wolf makes. It was from a pure impulse of religious feeling that the first temple was reared or set apart, for it may have been some nook made sacred in a grove, some spot of heath fenced with a ring of stones. Of the three orders of architecture the Gothic is highest. The Oriental—massive, durable, expressive of weight—symbolizes sensualism, materialism, caste. The Grecian, with its houses of pillars, expresses resist-

ance to gravitation, support, and symbolizes the serene consciousness of power. The Gothic expresses ascension, and symbolizes spirituality in its soaring arches and pinnacles. The Oriental pyramid means dead gravitation, the Greek temple stands in victorious resistance to gravitation, the Gothic cathedral annihilates gravitation and mounts upwards. Like architecture, sculpture begins in religion, and by-and-by is prostituted to pride and luxury. The freer spirit meantime has sought a freer mode of expression, and, choosing materials that obey the will more readily, takes the art of painting as the medium of her speech. Music also is born of religion, and at first exclusively serves religion; so, too, of poetry, less sensuous than music; and last comes prose, unfettered by any bonds of rhyme and metre, dependent less than poetry upon the sound and color of her words, the last and noblest of all the arts, because more directly and more fully expressive of the soul and mind of man. Art is the service of the ideal. As the service becomes more refined and intellectual, so must the material in which artists work. The artists of to-day are the men of letters. Temple, statue, picture, oratorio, book—these mark the ascending stages of art. We are not to stop here, however. Deeds of goodness and courage are a better incarnation of the beautiful than the most magnificent prose. The Sir Philip Sydney of the future will live a life that shall be "prose in action," as the old Sir Philip Sydney's was "poetry in action." The essay, of course, extends over many topics, and contains much besides eloquent theorizing—contains, among other things under the topic of music, some remarks upon the custom of playing on the piano-forte which entitle their author to gratitude.

Mr. Parton has outdone himself in the article on "The Government of New York." It is the best exposure of the doings of the Common Council which has ever appeared, and the only one which the general public is likely to read. If the Citizens' Association will only reprint and circulate it, we venture to say they will do more to rouse the people of the State to a sense of their duty with regard to this crying sin and disgrace of our municipal government than can be effected by all the rest of their labors put together. We have discussed elsewhere Mr. Parton's suggestions as to the mode of cure. They are the weak points of the article. We shall go from bad to worse in every city in the Union until we proclaim boldly, all theories of natural rights to the contrary notwithstanding, that this is a reading and writing republic, and that only readers or writers can be citizens of it.

Mr. Lowell is very brilliant, and often very witty, on "The Seward and Johnson Reaction," and has rendered excellent service to political morality by speaking out, as Mr. Curtis has done on another page, the plain truth about Stephen A. Douglas, and the paragraph in which he criticises the "Republican leaders" is exceedingly well-timed. We presume the reprobation of "the foolish talk about impeachment" contains the sober second thought of intelligent Massachusetts. General Butler has started off westward with its first thought, and is now hawking it round the country and making the most of it in his peculiar style.

Mr. Frank Sanborn, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, gives much information in regard to "American Prisons," of which he seems to entertain a just and low opinion. Among his facts is this noteworthy one, that since the close of the war of rebellion two-thirds of all the commitments to prison in New England were of persons who had been in the naval or military service of the United States. During the war, as might have been expected, there was a great diminution of punished crime throughout the North; but the number of women in jail was very largely increased, and now, since April, 1865, has much diminished again. Of course Mr. Sanborn, true to his position among those men in Massachusetts who are first in every good work, is earnest in his advocacy of the system of prison discipline, which has done so much good in Ireland in the hands of Crofton and Maconochie.

Mr. Curtis's article on Stephen A. Douglas examines only the fitness of that once worshipped god of Democratic idolatry to be held up as a model for the imitation of youthful Americans. There are hardly two opinions to be held of Douglas when the question is of his statesmanship, and Mr. Curtis's opinion is not more favorable than the verdict which posterity—we may say posterity, though Douglas died in 1860—has already pronounced upon him. He may well have died of chagrin. In respect of ability he had to stand a comparison with the Southern leaders, whom he thought to rule, and who utterly defeated him, and in point of honesty and morality with his neighbor Lincoln. Mr. Curtis appears unable to believe that William H. Seward is essentially not a very different man from the Western demagogue and political trickster.

The article upon "International Law" is a highly laudatory review of Mr. Dana's late edition of Wheaton, and a note appended very effectually

disposes of Mr. W. B. Lawrence. Mr. Norton's article is a short notice of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," and the traces of his hand are also plainly visible in the "Critical Notices," of which most are very good.

Oregon and Eldorado; or, Romance of the Rivers. By Thomas Bulfinch, author of "The Age of Fable," "The Age of Chivalry," etc. (J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.)—If it were not for the Rocky Mountains, the head waters of the Columbia and Missouri might coalesce and form an unbroken course from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico. If it were not for the Andes, the Amazon might connect the two oceans with each other and with the Gulf besides. Such is the author's account of the relation between the first part of his book and the second, and of its conjunctive title. The youth for whom he has hitherto written, and to whom the present compilation is apparently dedicated, will not criticise harshly his love or lack of the unities, but will probably confess to have been a good deal interested, and not a little instructed, by the several narratives of the volume. The family papers relative to the discovery of the Columbia River are made the most of by Mr. Bulfinch, and perhaps suggested to him the plan of his work. He has added to them an abridgment of the story of Lewis and Clark's exploration at the opening of the present century, with annotations from the writings of the Rev. Samuel Parker, Capt. Frémont, and Theodore Winthrop. The long journey which ended, in 1806, as it had begun, years before, in St. Louis, earned for the fortunate travellers "the heartiest and most hospitable welcome from the whole village," and, when their journals were published, a very wide circle of admiring readers. Time has made these records less familiar; but it has hardly affected the simple attractiveness of the style in which they were composed. Later and more intelligent observers have reduced the value of their remarks upon the physical features of that vast area between the Mississippi and the western shore of the continent, though the marvellous vegetation of the Yo Semite is foreshadowed by the gigantic pines and firs which they saw towering from two to three hundred feet in height, and there is noted "in the face of a cliff, about twenty feet above the water, a fragment of the rib of a fish, three feet long, and nearly three inches round, embedded in the rock itself." So their experience is of value when they relate how, from being obliged to live on dogs' flesh, they became exceedingly fond of it, and considered it "a strong, healthy diet, preferable to lean deer or elk, and much superior to horse flesh in any state."

Eldorado, which is nothing else than the valley of the Amazon, is described from the adventures of Gonzalo Pizarro and Orellana, in the middle of the sixteenth century; of Sir Walter Raleigh in the seventeenth, annotated from Sir Robert Schomburgh (1835-44); of the French commission, in the eighteenth, to determine the length of a degree of latitude at the equator, with Mme. Godin's incredible sufferings as a sequel; of Lieutenant Herndon in 1850-52; and of Mr. Henry Walter Bates in 1849-59. The imagination will be most excited by the first two recitals, the feelings played upon by the third, while Herndon and Bates furnish at once the most agreeable experience and the most accurate representations of the scenery, natural productions, capabilities, and actual civilization of the interfluvial region from Pará to the Andes.

We could wish Mr. Bulfinch had provided a couple of plain maps for his readers, and had more uniformly appended the modern and permanent name of a river or a place to that bestowed by the earliest discoverers. A small portion of the pains well expended in condensing the Congressional documents containing Herndon's report, would have remedied both these deficiencies in the case of Eldorado.

The Hand-Book for Mothers. A Guide in the Care of Young Children By Edward H. Parker, M.D. (Hurd & Houghton, New York.)—The traditions of every intelligent and "well-regulated" family would probably embrace nearly every particular of the practices recommended in this treatise. But the number of women who become mothers without traditions or instruction or experience of any kind, of those who are defective in maternal instinct, or ignorant and incapable at once, or superstitious even, and of those whom sickness and distress bereave of their wits, is far greater than it is pleasant to believe, and to such, undoubtedly, the author addressed himself. The fact that the "Hand-book" has reached a second edition is proof that it supplies a sensible want, apart from the assurance of the preface that its most precise and comprehensive directions "are just the points upon which mothers have frequently asked for instruction, and for which they have been especially grateful." It is only necessary to add that the cares of child-rearing are considered from before delivery up to the age of six years, and that Dr. Parker belongs to the allopathic school of medicine.

Our Church and Her Services. By the Rev. Ashton Oxenden. Adapted to the use of the Episcopal Church in the United States, by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D. (Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 18mo, pp. viii., 179.)—A little manual intended for the use of communicants in the Episcopal Church who wish to know what are the plain reasons of their faith, and for the aid of those who are enquiring what that communion teaches. It is a guide, too, in the use of the Prayer-book. Its merit is that it is such a book as a clergyman can give to any one with the sure confidence that it will teach him to be a better man. Its tone toward other bodies is uniformly kind, and it is not lumbered with the learning which seems useless for the practical wants of a layman. It is divided into three parts, and takes up "The Membership with the Episcopal Church Catholic," "The Explanation of the Morning and Evening Services," and "The Occasional Services." Why not the "Episcopal Church" without tacking on the word *catholic*? It is a mouth-filling name and style; but there is no use in proclaiming the catholicity thus awkwardly. The book is tastefully printed and bound, and should have a large circulation in the body for which it was written.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this Journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

SOME very excellent men, and some who are not very excellent, are talking very loudly of impeaching the President as soon as Congress meets. If we are not greatly mistaken, General Butler has taken the matter up as a labor of love, and will go into Congress, if he is elected—as we have no doubt he will be—charged with the special duty of getting up the articles and pushing forward the proceeding. We think it very likely that diligent agitation carried on during the next two months, combined with the popular indignation of which Mr. Johnson is now the object, will result in creating a strong feeling in favor of having this plan of getting rid of him tried. Our own views of his fitness for the place he fills are well known. His getting into it at all seems at this moment to be really one of the greatest misfortunes that ever befell the country;—seems, we say, because we cannot help hoping that, five or ten years hence, we shall most of us look back on him as “a blessing in disguise.” But still we share to the full the heartfelt wish which so many people entertain, that there was some plain and simple and unobjectionable mode of relegating him to private life; but our feelings ought not to cause us to support either the plan of impeaching him, or any other plan, without a careful consideration of all that can be said against it as well as of all that can be said in favor of it. The removal of a President of the United States by means of a judicial sentence is an undertaking too serious, too full of peril to the Government, to be lightly entered upon. We see in various quarters a disposition to treat it as rather a happy device for asserting and maintaining certain political principles than as what it would also be—a deplorable scandal, bringing discredit on popular institutions and giving a still fiercer glow to party passions.

A great deal of the talk about it is, of course, silly talk; a great deal more is designing talk; but there is also a great deal which is the talk of able, earnest, and honest men, who see in Mr. Johnson an offender, from whom they feel bound, on the highest considerations of public interest, to take away his power of mischief, by any means that offer themselves, short of revolution. We trust that these, who are the only clamorers for impeachment with whom there is any use in reasoning, will consider fairly the objections which lie to any attempt to put Mr. Johnson on his trial as a criminal for anything he has yet done. In the first place, it would be impossible, no matter what the form of the proceeding might be, to give it the character or secure for it the moral influence of a purely judicial proceeding. It would be regarded by most men, not only in this country but throughout the world, as a party measure, as a mere weapon drawn from the party armory—the dexterous device of an irresistible majority to get rid of an opponent whom, conscientiously no doubt, they believe to be dangerous to the state. Mr. Johnson has at his back a very large minority of the Northern people, who think him a not undeserving person. Many even are possessed with the notion that he is a statesman, and it may be questioned if any proceeding, however orderly, or formal, or technically legal, could stamp the character of crime worthy of legal penalties, on acts of which so large a proportion of the population approve. The prosecution would, therefore, by all supporters of Mr. Johnson's policy, North and South, be considered simply a piece of party persecution, which they could not resist but would hope some day to retaliate. The affair would, therefore, become, as Andrew Jackson's dismissal of Federal office-holders for simple difference of opinion has become, a precedent, which we fear all parties would try to follow with fidelity. In times of excitement the dismissal of the President by means of impeachment would be part of the programme of the opposition, whenever they saw a chance of securing two-thirds of the Senate and a majority of the House, and the country would be frequently convulsed by a struggle which must, in its very nature, be little short of revolutionary.

Moreover, it ought not to be forgotten that we are all, Congress and

public together, in some degree morally responsible for the President's misdeeds. We knew what his antecedents were and what his character was when we elected him Vice-President. We chose, from motives of expediency, to forget or to overlook, in consideration of his new-born devotion to freedom, the long years which he had passed in the service of slavery, the violence of his temper, the narrowness of his mind, and the slenderness of his education, and deliberately made him the possible successor to an office for whose vast and varied responsibilities all human virtues and gifts would hardly suffice. He succeeded to it, too, at a period when the public mind had become confused by four years of war as to the proper limits of the Executive authority. Mr. Lincoln fell when in the possession of almost dictatorial power, which those who acted in his name sometimes abused, and exercise of which Congress and the public were disposed, with each succeeding year of commotion, rather to applaud than to cavil at. When Mr. Johnson stepped into his shoes, the popular horror and indignation over the assassination were so great, the anxiety as to the future so general, that there did not appear in any quarter the slightest disposition to tie the Presidential hands. When he issued his proclamations appointing provisional governors, and proceeded to the work of “reorganization” single-handed, without waiting for or seeking the advice of Congress, which of us cried “Hold”?—which of us all who now so fiercely condemn him warned him that he was transgressing the bounds of his authority? A wise, cautious, well-trained man, conscious of the greatness of his trust, would have been too deeply impressed with the magnitude of his task to have entered upon it without asking the people, in all reverence and all modesty, what it sought or expected of him—what was the precise nature of the prize for which it had spilt so much blood and lavished so much treasure. But Mr. Johnson is not a wise, cautious, or well-trained man; he is—well, we all know what he is. He has grossly abused his power. But it was power with which we armed him; and it was technically unlawful power, as we now acknowledge; and in our opinion, if he were tried and condemned for his abuse of it, it would be only a technical condemnation, which would reflect almost as much discredit on us as on him. His abuse of the appointing power cannot be too strongly condemned. Nobody feels more strongly about it than we do; but who taught Presidents the trick which he is now playing? Let the politician who can lay his hand on his heart and say that he has ever made an honest endeavor to raise the public service out of the mire of politics, and to maintain the great principle that office-holders ought to be the servants of the country and not the tools of a party, cast the first stone at him.

But are we, because the wisdom or fairness of impeachment would be doubtful or unwise, to sit down under this man's dictation and let him ruin the country if he will? By no means. He has for nine months been carrying on a controversy with Congress under impressions as to his power and duties derived from a state of things which has passed away. The country has been appealed to to decide between them. The verdict has been given against the President. His past course is not only condemned, but he is informed as plainly as possible that he must mend his ways—that he is neither a leader nor restorer, but simply a stop-gap. What we want at this point is statesmen to take up the work of reconstruction, botched though it be, and complete it on the great principles which the country has once more affirmed. What we do not want is a bevy of sharp attorneys to distract and rend the nation with a tedious and farcical but exciting trial, in which we should wait and fret while counsel wrangled and chopped logic. We have a two-thirds majority in both Houses. We can do whatever we think just and expedient. Let us do it if need be over Mr. Johnson's head. He has now received a solemn warning that he is to execute and not to legislate. Let us see that he executes faithfully. Should he neglect or fail to do his duty now, he will sin against the light, and we can then proceed to punish him, with the consciousness that we have not taken him unawares, and that we have not saddled him with duties to the discharge of which neither his education, nor his head, nor his conscience is equal. To heal the wounds left by civil war and lift millions of people out of bondage and darkness into liberty and light, is the most sublime and awful task which was ever imposed on a legislature. In a moment of weakness, or confusion, or thoughtless-

ness, we all connived at or acquiesced in its assumption by one weak, ignorant, and over-elated man. He has failed miserably. Let us cast him aside—contemptuously, if you will; but for mercy's sake do not let us treat the world at such a crisis to the paltry and degrading spectacle of a whole nation trying him judicially for having been presumptuous, conceited, obstinate, uneducated, and for having passed the flower of his years as a little village politician in a slave State. All this is his misfortune and our shame, but no lawyer's tongue can ever make it out a crime worthy of any heavier penalty, if heavier penalty there be, than a nation's scorn and rebuke.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

THE night of the 9th of October closed upon one of the most excited and desperate political struggles ever witnessed in this country. Four great States on that day decided the fate of the whole nation, while thirty-two other States awaited the decision in anxious suspense. For these four States elected one-third of all the members of Congress remaining to be chosen; and all experience has shown that the moral effect of their combined action upon the elections in the other States is absolutely irresistible.

Accordingly, the battle in all these States was fought on both sides with a vigor which has not been, and probably will not be, shown in any other. Even in Ohio and Iowa, which the Democrats did not dream of carrying as States, they knew that a gain of a few Congressmen was worth all the State offices, and for this gain they struggled with hope and vehement energy. Nor was this hope without support in reason and the probabilities of things. Three of the Republican Congressmen in Ohio had been elected only by aid of the army vote, and three others had received only very small majorities on the home vote in 1864. In 1862 the Republicans had been defeated in 14 out of the 19 districts. With the aid of the Administration and its patronage, it seemed not unreasonable to suppose that an approximation to that result might be arrived at now.

Indiana was a far more doubtful State. Although represented in the present Congress by at first eight Republicans out of eleven, and afterwards by nine, Gen. McClellan carried five of the eleven districts in 1864, and two others were extremely unsteady in their politics. We ourselves never entertained any hope that the Republicans would elect more than seven Congressmen in that State. Every district was stubbornly contested, and Mr. Johnson was assured of victory in nearly every one.

But, after all, the chief interest of the campaign was centred in Pennsylvania. That State has decided every political contest within the memory of the present generation, and was especially likely to do so now. Electing twenty-four representatives in Congress, of whom eight were chosen in 1864, and twelve in 1862, by less than a thousand majority each, there seemed to be a fair prospect of securing these districts by means of Government patronage and corruption. A few of these, added to the seven in which the Democratic majority exceeded one thousand on the home vote of 1864, would have given a substantial triumph to the President. This State, moreover, was one peculiarly open to corrupt influences, and in the use of these the friends of the Administration had naturally the advantage.

In Pennsylvania, therefore, the struggle of opposing parties was fiercest. An election in New York is often called exciting, but the most animated elections which have taken place here since 1856 were calm and insipid compared with the Pennsylvania election of 1866. Great meetings and immense processions were only the milder manifestations of a zeal which led to innumerable affrays and frauds. The day was spent in manufacturing voters, and the night in breaking heads, or an attempt at that pastime, for it is only just to the police to say that by their promptness and courage by far the most of attempted violence was suppressed. But their task was one which tried all their powers of endurance. Only the most unceasing vigilance avoided bloody and disgraceful collisions. The Press office would have been utterly destroyed, again and again, but for the protection of a large force of police, heavily armed, and kept upon the premises for several days. The bitterness of feeling among the Irish extended to the very servant girls, and destroyed all comfort in houses where they served.

The Fenian movement proved, we are glad to say, a total failure; and the Republican party is not indebted to it in the least for success. The Irish hatred of the negro is yet stronger than their love of liberty for their kinsmen. All Gen. Banks's flaming speeches and warlike measures failed to gain a dozen Fenians in Philadelphia. The Administration placed vast power in the hands of its friends shortly before the election. The navy yard, the custom-house, the mint, and other offices were put under the charge of men who used them with great energy and with no nice scruples of conscience. These influences told heavily upon the vote of Philadelphia, but could not cross the city line. Even in the city, these corruptions had no effect beyond certain districts, and failed to gain a single Congressman, affecting the majorities only.

The result of the elections in all the four States is one which is entirely satisfactory to intelligent politicians. Those who calculated upon retaining the majorities given in 1864 by the aid of the army vote are, of course, disappointed; but the expectation was absurd. Soldiers in the field naturally voted as a class, and yielded to the influences prevailing around them. Their sense of patriotic duty was keenly alive, and their sense of party ties very weak. But on their return home they naturally fell back into their old habits, and voted with their friends and neighbors, as they had done before the war. The home vote is, therefore, the real test by which to judge of the gain of either party.

On the home vote at the elections in October, 1864, Pennsylvania gave about 500 Democratic majority. She now gives 15,000 Republican majority. Ohio gave 24,000 Republican majority, which she now increases to 40,000 at least. Iowa gave 24,000 majority; now over 30,000. Indiana alone shows an apparent loss, having given 20,000 Republican majority in 1864, and only 13,000 now. But we can afford to be frank, and acknowledge the fact, notorious at the West, that some 9,000 fraudulent votes were polled in Indiana in 1864, of which 7,000 were given to the Republicans, so that their honest majority was only 15,000. No doubt this admission will be eagerly seized upon by the organs of a party which has just polled thousands of fraudulent votes in Philadelphia, Luzerne, and other counties in Pennsylvania. But we intend to expose and condemn fraud wherever it is to be found, regardless of party considerations.

The result, as it bears upon the complexion of the next Congress, is all that could reasonably be hoped for. The Republicans carry the same number of representatives that they had in the present Congress, although six of these were elected solely by the army vote, and two were awarded their seats only at a late period of the session, and after a doubtful contest before the Committee on Elections. In reality, therefore, the Republicans have made a decided gain. They also gain a senator in place of Edgar Cowan, a peculiarly acceptable change.

Questions of gain or loss are, however, comparatively unimportant. The *World* has demonstrated, to its own entire satisfaction, after every election for four years past, that the party of slavery was growing and gaining; yet it has been regularly defeated every year, and will be weaker in the next Congress than it ever was before. Its gains are like those of Sisyphus, almost too small to accomplish the least practical good. It gained in 1862, and the Congress then chosen abolished slavery; it gained in 1864 (as compared with 1863), and was never in such a miserable minority in Congress, which proceeded to extirpate the remnant of slavery; it gains in 1866, and loses four of its twelve senators in Congress. Of course these gains are fictitious, and are only reckoned by comparing with returns of previous years which were unusually disastrous to the party. It is losing strength, and not gaining it. Its doom is plainly written, and it vainly struggles to avoid its inevitable fate.

Every true patriot will rejoice over the decision thus rendered. The people have determined that this shall be a government of law, and that law not proceeding from the brain of one man, but created by the legislative department. They have decided that massacre and insurrection shall not be tolerated as part of our political machinery. They have decided that loyal men shall not be crushed under the feet of rebels. They have resolved that no element of disease shall be left in the national constitution which it is in their power to remove.

Their firmness and courage in doing so much, in spite of the manifold treachery of their leaders and the weak and timid counsels of their friends, give us fresh hope for the future, and for the final achievement of all that is necessary to establish the nation upon the rock of perfect justice and liberty.

THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR GREAT CITIES.

THE most interesting, most impressive, and most effective, because most picturesque, exposure of the abuses committed in the government of this city which has ever been made, is to be found in an article by Mr. Parton in the last number of the "North American Review." We sincerely trust that the Citizens' Association, or somebody, will see to it that it obtains a wider circulation than it can look for in the columns of a quarterly. It ought to be in the hands of every intelligent man and woman in America. It treats of something which concerns deeply not simply the inhabitants of New York, but of every other growing city in the Union, for every one of them is moving, some slowly, some quickly, but all surely, towards the pit of corruption and knavery in which this city is now wallowing. To talk of the government of New York as a scandal to republican institutions is a very mild way of characterizing it. It is literally a blot on our religion and on our civilization. The man who shuts his eyes to it, who pays his taxes year after year to the band of thieves whose sessions in the City Hall Mr. Parton describes, and who takes no further thought as to the use they make of them—who sees, without concern, the revenues of a kingdom used by a crew of bar-tenders and loafers for the plunder and demoralization of the poor, the robbery of the rich, and the corruption of the young, ought not to call himself a Christian or an American. And it must be remembered that the same causes are producing the same effects in every State in the Union in which commerce and manufactures are creating great aggregations of people. What is our shame and misfortune to-day will, if some remedy is not applied, be in a very few years the shame and misfortune of Boston, of Philadelphia, of New Haven, of Rochester, of Cincinnati, and San Francisco. The canker is at work everywhere. The purses of the rich cities are everywhere passing into the hands of the ignorant, the vicious, and the depraved, and are being used by them for the spread of political corruption, for the destruction of the popular faith in political purity, for the promotion of debauchery and idleness among young men of the poorer classes, for the destruction of our system of education. When knaves have reached such a point of audacity as to sell regularly the teacherships in our public schools in order to provide funds for their own carousals, it is almost time for us either to shut our churches up and confess ourselves canting humbugs, whose religion is but in words, and whose patriotism is but a sham, or to put an end to these abuses. There can be little question that the corporation of the city of New York is at this moment a greater stumbling-block in the path of democracy and freedom through the world, than any single potentate, hierarchy, or body of aristocracy in existence.

We all know what the source of the evil is. In all our large towns a swarm of foreigners have alighted, ignorant, credulous, newly emancipated, brutalized by oppression, and bred in the habit of regarding the law as their enemy, the rich as their tyrants and a longed-for but unattainable prey. They are welcomed for the sake of their labor, and are almost at once admitted to a share in the government. The form of government is one which notoriously presupposes considerable intelligence in the voters, or at least in the majority of the voters. When, thirty years ago, the changes were made in the law which committed this and other cities to the government of mere numbers, immigration was but a dribble. There was no difficulty whatever in absorbing all the European peasantry who came over. They were scattered amongst Americans, and, exposed at once to all the civilizing influences of our society and government, saw our institutions worked by trained and intelligent hands, and soon shared in the popular reverence for law; and it was an eminently wise change which shortened the term of probation necessary for admission to full citizenship. The long period which was at first prescribed would, at the rate at which immigrants have been arriving for the last twenty years, have speedily accumulated a large body of tax-payers and residents excluded from all share in

making the laws they had to obey, which would have been a dangerous anomaly, the more particularly as the ground of exclusion would have been one which neither virtue nor talent nor industry could remove.

But it is now clear that a great mistake was committed when no test of intelligence or education was prescribed for the exercise of the suffrage. Foreigners now are no longer in the same relation with the American community which they were when they arrived at the rate of a few shiploads a year. They are not scattered through it, exposed at every turn to be acted on by its opinion, habits, and manners. They do not, in other words, become part of it, and are not absorbed by it. They form, on the contrary, large, compact communities of their own, perfectly impervious to American influences, in which no Americans are ever seen except on business errands, in which American opinions are never heard, American papers never read, and in which as little is known of the movements of American society as in Germany or Ireland—in which the prejudices, passions, habits, interests, and vices of the Old World retain all their sway—communities, in short, as distinctive, as essentially foreign, as the population of Dublin or Hamburg, and kept constantly recruited by fresh arrivals. The political significance of this may be inferred from the fact mentioned by Mr. Parton, that out of the 129,000 voters in New York City 77,000, or nearly two-thirds, are foreigners, and nearly all drawn from the most ignorant class of European society. This means, of course, that the government has been transferred to their hands without any restraint or condition except such as their consciences may impose.

And yet not to their hands either, but to the hands of knaves who use their ignorance as a stepping-stone to power and plunder. One of the results, and, perhaps, the worst, of this enormous addition of ignorant strangers to our voting population is that they have created a class of politicians formerly unknown, of which Fernando Wood and F. I. A. Boole may be considered as good specimens—keen, shrewd, cunning, unscrupulous Americans, determined to live on the public and ready to do anything that may be necessary for the purpose, who have thoroughly trained themselves to the art of cajoling the Irish—have learned all their foibles and prejudices, and pander to them with unequalled dexterity, and are utterly indifferent to public opinion. No such demagogues have appeared anywhere else in modern times—that is, none gifted with so few of the arts or accomplishments which usually win popular devotion. Under their leadership the New York public has been for nearly twenty years a prey and a spoil to the vilest of the population. Enough money has been stolen from the city to have made it amongst the most beautiful of the modern world, the richest in works of art, in public buildings, in every convenience and every ornament that makes life either easier or more graceful. And what is worse than this, they have lessened the public horror of fraud by accustoming people to seeing it committed with impunity, and to the spectacle of notorious knaves and speculators occupying positions of trust and profit, sitting on charitable boards, occupying prominent pews in churches, and figuring in "good society," without any apparent loss of character. We believe there is no man who has carefully observed the tendencies of social opinion in New York during the last twenty years who has not perceived a rapidly growing indulgence for all forms of swindling, if perpetrated on a great scale.

When we come to consider the remedy for all this, we find ourselves launched on a sea of conflicting opinions. As a general rule, politicians are afraid—selfishly afraid—to advocate any measure which looks like a restriction of the suffrage. Then, large numbers of good men, not professional politicians, are satisfied that the franchise is a natural right, like air or light, and that a person proves conclusively his claim to its exercise by being of the male sex, and not insane. Whether this is a sound theory or not, we will not here argue. Whatever a man's abstract right to vote may be, the fact is that he cannot vote without either benefiting or injuring his neighbors; in other words, he cannot so use his rights as to affect nobody but himself—a practical consideration which society has always looked upon, and always will look upon, as a sufficient warrant for putting such restrictions on the exercise of the franchise as it may deem to be necessary for its own safety and prosperity. What Mr. Parton means, therefore, by saying that no man who "now legally possesses the suffrage in New York should be deprived of it; that the State must fulfil its com-

compact to the end, cost what it may," we do not well know. We presume, if it were found that the voting of men who cannot read threatened to drive trade and commerce away from New York, or to make it uninhabitable, the State would never think of "fulfilling its compact." Mr. Parton proposes, nevertheless, that hereafter nobody, native or foreign, should be admitted to the franchise "who cannot read English composition of medium difficulty." This would, on his theory, however, be quite as unjustifiable as the disfranchisement for any cause of those who already hold it. The franchise is either a privilege or a right. If a privilege, the bestowal of it on a man is not "a compact" between him and the State; and the withdrawal of it from persons who have abused it cannot be considered a breach of faith. If, on the other hand, it is a right, to deny it to persons attaining their majority unless they complied with certain conditions, would be as great a piece of injustice as to take it away from those who now enjoy it. The *Evening Post*, on the other hand, which seems to have an unbounded faith in the power of well-drawn constitutions, and to think that the character of the men who work them is of very little consequence, maintains that a complete remedy is to be found in the plan of giving the mayor full power of appointment and dismissal, electing him only by the popular vote, and then holding him responsible for all evils and abuses. The result of this would be, that the mayoralty of New York, being one of the best prizes in the political world, would be contended for with unexampled ardor by the worst of politicians. They would promise every place in their gift beforehand to the very same men who now compose the "ring;" they would then secure both the Tammany and Mozart nominations, and rule us for two years with a rod of iron, filling all the offices with the vilest characters in the city, and roaring with laughter over the denunciatory "editorials" in the morning and evening papers; and once in power, it would be twice as difficult to turn them out as it was to prevent their getting in. Suppose Fernando Wood mayor to-day, on such terms, how much would he be restrained by his "responsibility to the public?" To what extent was he restrained when he first filled this position? How many blushes did Horace Greeley's rebukes or exposures bring to his cheek? And yet nothing is more certain than that, if the mayoralty were once again made a tempting bait to a greedy and unscrupulous man—the constituency being what it is now—Wood, or some one else of his class, would unquestionably get it, and keep it, year after year, in spite of the "respectable classes."

There is no occult virtue in charters or constitutions. They are but paper with writing on them. They owe all their value to the virtue, the intelligence, and the self-restraint of the people who live under them. For American cities it is now hardly possible to conceive that safety is to be found in any other way than by raising the character of those who elect city officers. What the Constitutional Convention of this State might do is, first, to impose a good and thorough educational test on all persons presenting themselves for registration, giving those who are now voters a year to prepare in; and, secondly, to give householders, as householders, a share in the representation, with at least a veto on votes of money made by the representatives of mere numbers. This would bring all who vote within the reach of public opinion and would increase the political weight of the intelligent, and it would make it worth the while of those on whom taxes chiefly fall to pay proper attention to city politics. Mr. Parton's plan of a direct tax on individuals would be good if it could be carried out, but we should like to hear the experience of a collector who had passed a week in trying to make the denizens of the lower wards pay their dues.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Sept. 28, 1866.

THE natural result of the incessant rain of the last four months is beginning to show itself in the swelling of rivers. A good part of the valley of the Seine is under water; the Loire and other habitually troublesome French streams are rising rapidly, and have already drowned children and cattle; the works for the Mont Cenis railway are brought to a stand-still by the swelling of the stream that winds through that pass; and a corresponding cry of apprehension is echoed from nearly every part of Europe. Happily, the weather seems at last to have determined to "tak' a thought an' mend;"

and we may thus be spared a repetition of the horrors of 1858, although the wine crop is said to be irretrievably ruined.

Biarritz, where the sun has been shining persistently all through the summer, is just now excessively gay, though the presence there of the Emperor will probably coincide with the visit of more than one of the leading agents of the "powers that be." Prince Gortschakoff is reported as on his way thither, and the public, not unnaturally, jumps to the conclusion that his sojourn among the rocks and breezes of that healthiest of bathing places will not be without influence on the *dénouement* of the "Eastern question," so confidently thought to be approaching. Count Karolyi is already there. Addicted to the gaming-table, as are so many of his countrymen of his "order," the count, on passing through Baden-Baden, entered one of the "hells," and placed some money at random on a number of the roulette. The "blind goddess" favoring the Austrian diplomat (which is more than she seems inclined to do just now to his country), the wealthy nobleman won, by this "random shot," the handsome sum of 70,000 florins. What would be a fortune to so many being a "trifle" to him, he amused himself by stuffing his own pockets and those of his friends with the gold and notes, and then, having lit his cigar, carelessly left the gaming-room and continued his journey.

The Emperor lives very quietly, strolls about in the bright sunshine, and greatly enjoys the unrivalled air, towards whose invigorating qualities mountains and ocean each contribute their quota. The people of the town intended to give his Majesty a demonstrative reception; but the *maire* having advised that, inasmuch as the Emperor was fatigued and seeking rest, no fuss should be made, contented themselves with turning out *en masse* to salute him as he passed through the streets, which had been decked out with everything available in the way of bunting, and illuminating in the evening. The little Prince is assiduous in his practice of the art of natation; and, having thus made swimming a "fashion," all the children of the place, native and foreign, make it a point to go into the water at the same time with his little Highness. The spectacle of all these merry little people, in picturesque bathing costumes, gambolling about in the water like a shoal of gaily dressed porpoises, has come to be a recognized "feature" in the amusements of Biarritz. The Empress, who has always been in the habit of holding, every morning, upon the beach a sort of open-air court, at which every creature with the faintest pretension to fashion makes a point of being seen, now holds this original reception while her son is taking his swimming lesson; the frolics of the children, described as being comic to the last degree, affording "no end" of merriment to the group of parents and friends assembled round her Majesty. The Empress, who is fond of saying, in regard to the amusements of everyday life, "My motto is 'Make hay while the sun shines!'" bathes, rows, walks, and makes excursions to everything worth seeing within the compass of a drive. A day or two ago she accompanied the Emperor in a visit to the great armored frigate, the *Magenta*, cruising off the coast; a few days previous she went, with the little Prince and the people of the court, to explore the curious grotto of Sare, with its weird-looking halls and galleries, its winding ways, into many of which no one has yet ventured, its subterranean streams, and so forth.

So charming and so good as the Empress really is in many sides of her character, and using the vast influence of her position, in the main, so well and nobly, one is sorry to hear, from time to time, of her doing some foolish thing which indicates, to say the least of it, a mind very unequally developed in certain directions. Imagine, for instance, the effect on the minds of the mass of her husband's irreverent lieges—who have been so sincerely admiring the benevolent heroism she has displayed on so many occasions—at learning that, when she went, just before starting for Biarritz, to visit old Count Baciocchi (one of the Emperor's innumerable "cousins," whose life was even then despaired of, and who has just died), she left with that most fascinating of hoary old sinners a reliquary to which she attributes peculiar sanctity, and which was to be kept in his room as long as his illness should last, as it had been kept in her chamber before the birth of the Prince Imperial, the said reliquary containing a fragment of the swaddling-clothes of Jesus Christ, a strip of the Virgin's veil, a portion of the shroud of St. John the Baptist, and, in the midst of these treasures, a bit of the coronation robe of Charlemagne, given by the authorities of Aix-la-Chapelle to the First Napoleon!

The municipal authorities of this city are taking advantage of the absence of the *beau monde* to give a thorough repairing to the central carriage drive of the magnificent Avenue de l'Impératrice, extending from the Place de l'Arc de Triomphe to the gates of the Bois de Boulogne, and as the work is carried on day and night, with the aid of some hundreds of work-people and a huge steam-roller, the avenue has become a favorite evening prome-

ade for the Parisians of the "lower orders," always so keen after any sort of spectacle that can be enjoyed "gratis." The broad line of road, flanked by heaps of stone already broken up and ready to be shovelled on to the ground by several scores of laborers, lit up by a double line of flaming torches, watched over by sympathizing policemen, and enlivened by the puffing and bellowing of the locomotive to which the roller is attached, with its chimney sending forth a constant stream of sparks and smoke, and the red glare of its fires as it moves up and down the road, is really very curious. The engine by whose aid the new stone is crushed and levelled so quickly and so effectively seems to perform the functions of a hammer as well as of a roller, and makes such a din over its work as fills the air for a mile round.

Thérèse, the idol of Paris, who has been singing her peculiar songs—inimitable in their own not very edifying way—in the "Summer Alcazar" (Champs-Élysées) for the last six months, has just gone back in triumph to the "Winter Alcazar" (Boulevard Poissonnière), in greater favor than ever with the Parisian public, to the great disgust of the lovers of the "classic" in music (who say that a Billingsgate *deu* is appropriately enshrined on the "Fish-woman's Boulevard"). Thérèse gets from the fortunate owner of the Alcazar café a fixed salary of \$20,000 a year, with "benefits," leaves of absence that she makes very profitable, not to speak of the unlimited "facilities" at her command for the acquisition of the equipages, diamonds, and solid investments which will enable her to retire from the public adoration with a round sum of millions. Offenbach, whose new *buffa* opera is so impatiently expected, is still quarrelling violently, as is his wont before giving out a new opera, with the manager of the merry little theatre which brings out his works, and, as usual, sending furious epistles to the penny papers, to prove that it is the said manager who is quarrelling with him, a fray which comes in very opportunely to gratify the Parisians, the pretty little squabble lately going on between the various journals of the capital *à propos* of the bet of 100,000 francs which M. Limayrac, of the *Constitutionnel*, so persistently refuses to pay to M. de Riancey, of the *Union*, having just come to an end after a formal refusal on the part of the editors of the former journal to hold themselves responsible for the wager so loftily offered by their contributor.

Theatre-goers are still impatiently awaiting the appearance of the new piece, called "The Parisians in London," with which the Porte St. Martin is about to eclipse all its former splendors. Every place has been engaged for weeks past, and new-comers will have to wait for two or three weeks before they can secure places. England and the English are becoming every day subjects of increasing curiosity here, and as all who screw up their resolve to see something of their old rivals come back with a strong impression of English energy, descriptions of English doings abound in the journals. Just now the French papers are quoting, with the respect due to the evidence of superior genius, the following passage from "an advertising novel," credited to an English periodical:

"Mary could only imperfectly distinguish this shadow in the darkness which surrounded her. And yet she felt that she could not be mistaken! It was he! It was Edward! What could bring him at that hour under the old woman's windows? Mary shuddered from head to foot. Paletots of black cloth from 35 shillings. He had, then, to commit a crime! A crime! Mary's knees trembled under her. Hunting shoes, warranted best leather, from 14 shillings. Her terror would have moved the heart of all who could have seen women's shoes from 5 to 20 shillings," etc.

The succès d'enthousiasme which has followed the daily publication of the skeleton dinners in M. de Girardin's new paper has fired the emulation of a provincial paper, which is "improving" on the original idea by giving similar skeletons in verse! The French, who have so long laughed at the English for their proclivity to the giving of dinner-parties, seem to be bent on distancing the latter. An enthusiastic "hippophagist" workman has put forth a circular inviting his fellows to subscribe for the getting up of a grand fraternal banquet, at which all the dishes are to be furnished by the horse. The bill-of-fare is as follows: horse-soup; removes, horse-sausage, boiled horse *au naturel*; entrée, horse *à la mode*; beans fried in horse oil; to be followed by roast horse, accompanied by salad dressed with horse oil. To this repast, the subscription to which is two francs, "ladies will be admitted," says the prospectus of the feast. A more agreeable subject of meditation in the prandial line is the dinner just given to a well-known singer by the *curé* of a suburban parish, at a concert got up by the latter in aid of a charity, for which the singer, by kindly lending his talent, had secured a plentiful supply of cash. A sugar egg, filled with bonbons, was placed, at the dessert, on the plate of each guest. The singer, on breaking open his egg, saw that it contained, instead of bonbons, five gold Napoleons.

"Ah, monsieur le *curé*!" smilingly exclaimed the singer, "you know little of my tastes! I confess that I am very fond of eggs; but I never eat

anything but the *whites*. Do not, then, be surprised if I leave the yolk (in French the *yellows*) in my plate;" which "*yellows*" the *curé* has been delightfully employing among the cholera patients of his parish.

The "rage" for feather trimmings which is threatening to depopulate the empyrean in the regions to which bright-plumaged birds belong, has suggested to Parisian ingenuity the idea of bringing into vogue the feathers of French birds. A trimming of magpie's feathers, the white and black feathers alternating, has been employed very effectively on a dress of black taffetas; a trimming of pheasant's feathers on a black velvet dress, and one of jay's feathers on white satin, have also been employed with equal success. As the fashions for the coming autumn will probably introduce a broad band of this sort of trimming round the bottom of the skirt, with a narrower one at the wrists and shoulders and round the eight-pointed *peplum* which bids fair to be "all the go" as cold weather returns, French birds, if their silly heads were capable of prevision, might very well begin to "shake in their shoes."

STELLA.

Correspondence.

MOON'S ENGLISH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The *Round Table* of October 13th contains a criticism by Mr. G. W. Moon on Mr. Marsh's first essay, lately published by you. Mr. Marsh is, of course, quite able to carry on a contest with Mr. Moon triumphantly, if he would be at the trouble to do it, and certainly does not need to call for any assistance. But Mr. Moon provokes criticism. He is so merciless that he seems not to deserve mercy and not to expect it. His victory over the Dean has so elated him that he invites attacks by everybody. In this first appearance before American readers Mr. Moon is certainly off his guard. Perhaps his carelessness is due to the fact that he is writing for Americans, of whose ability to speak or write the English correctly he has, at times, been hardly able to conceal his doubts.

We do not propose (we say *propose* in spite of Mr. Moon) to make more than a mere mention of a certain labored and pompous style which characterizes his article, or of the great length of some of his sentences, which, running on through twelve or fifteen lines, are, as De Quincey said of Kant's sentences, "fit only for the use of a megatherium or a pre-Adamite." The essay begins thus: "The Hon. George P. Marsh is contributing to the pages of one of your *cotemporaries* a series of articles," etc. We earnestly wish that this word *cotemporaries* may not take root. Dr. Bentley called it "a downright barbarism." Dr. Campbell wrote: "The general use in words compounded with the inseparable preposition *con* is to retain the *n* before a consonant and to expunge it before a vowel or an *h* mute. Thus we say *conjunction*, *concomitant*, but *co-equal*, *co-eternal*, etc." Let us by all means spell the word *contemporary*, and let Mr. Moon content himself with *cotending* for *cotemporary*. But he has made the word even more remarkable in the meaning than it is in the spelling. He speaks of "the *pages* of one of your *cotemporaries*;" soon afterwards he calls the same contemporary a "periodical." Now the *noun* contemporary is applied to persons and not to inanimate things. Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon are *contemporaries*, but their reigns are *contemporary*. As an adjective, contemporary may possibly be applied to things as well as to persons; as a noun, it should be applied to persons only. If Mr. Moon thinks it necessary to repeat the mention of present time already expressed in the verb "*is contributing*," he should make contemporary an adjective modifying its noun.

Mr. Moon writes, "in the interests of literature," to ask that he may be allowed, "firstly, to call attention to those valuable criticisms, and, secondly and chiefly, to offer a word of caution to young students," etc. Surely those "interests of literature" in which he writes are not its *best* interests if he is to teach us to use *firstly*. Why could he not be contented with *first*? It has been commonly used as an adverb by Shakespeare, and by every other classical English writer, and they have *not* thus used *firstly*. *First* is, of course, used as an adjective, but it has always been used adverbially also, and it must continue to be so used. Where does he get *firstly*? Certainly not from Richardson's dictionary, for it is not to be found there. It is a piece of vulgar purism which had its birth in America, where it passed a sickly existence. The climate of England is apparently more congenial to it. It was attacked at once by all the best American writers, but Mr. Moon is as proud of the monstrosity as if he were its parent. Would he write St. Matthew xii. 29 thus: "Or else how can any one enter into a strong man's house and spoil his goods, except he *firstly* bind the strong man, and thenly he will spoil his goods?"

Mr. Moon's first criticism is on the word *propose*. Mr. Marsh writes, "I *propose* to contribute to THE NATION," etc. Mr. Moon contends, at considerable length, that he should write "I *purpose* to contribute." But Mr. Marsh is right, and Mr. Moon is wrong. *Propose* and *purpose* are from the same Latin word *propono*. Their meanings differ in this: A man may *purpose* to do something without declaring his purpose; if he *proposes* to do something, he necessarily expresses his purpose to do it. Again, if a man declares that he purposes to do something, he leaves no room for its acceptance or rejection by his hearers; if he *proposes* to do something, he leaves it to his hearers to say whether or not he shall do it. So, then, *propose* is the most modest word and the most courteous word, inasmuch as it implies a right to command in the persons addressed. The use of *propose* and *purpose* as nearly synonymous words is very old, though it was not frequent. In "Hamlet," Act III., Scene 2, this couplet is found:

"What to ourselves in passion we *propose*,
The passion ending, doth the *purpose* lose."

The English language is all the richer for this meaning of *propose*. There is no other word to supply its place, and therefore it is needed. Why, then, since this meaning is perfectly legitimate, and has so long been attached to the word, must we now declare their divorce at the dictation of Mr. Moon?

But Mr. Moon makes another mistake in connection with the word *propose*. He says that Mr. Marsh, and also the English clergyman, made a *proposition*. That is precisely what they did not make. Mr. Marsh made a *proposal*. *Proposition* and *proposal* are synonyms, with this distinction: a proposal is something offered to be done. A proposition is something submitted to our consideration. A proposal, when accepted, is followed by an act on the part of the proposer. A proposition, when acceded to, is followed by an act on the part of those to whom it is submitted.

Mr. Moon uses *proposal* once, to avoid repetition, and as if he thought it not so fine a word as its quadrisyllabic relative, *proposition*; but in no way betrays any knowledge that there is a distinction in their meanings.

Mr. Moon says: "To offer a word of caution to young students *against allowing themselves to be tempted to adopt certain inaccuracies*." Does he mean anything more than to offer a word of caution to young students *against adopting certain inaccuracies*? He says, "Even teachers *may be prompted to defend*." Does he mean *may defend*, or *may be induced to defend*? He says, "Too true a scholar." Hobbs and Whately declare that only assertions can be true or false. Would it not be better to say *too real* or *too thorough a scholar*? Notice in another sentence his use of the adverbs *here, there, and elsewhere*, with reference to Mr. Marsh's essay. Do they not cause "a partial confusion of the thought?" Mr. Moon speaks of "the signature of a great name." Would it not be better to say "of a great scholar," or "writer," or "a distinguished man?" A signature is "the name of a person signed or subscribed to an instrument or writing." So Mr. Moon actually says "the subscribed name of a great name!"

He says, "Here is a fault not of grammar, but of composition." Does he intend to say, "Here is an error not in grammar, but in composition?" Error respects the act; fault respects the agent. Therefore error should be used above, rather than fault. But whose error of composition was it? Was it the composition's error? or the writer's error in composition?

TRINITY COLLEGE, Oct. 12, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In a late number of the *Round Table* there appeared an article by Mr. Moon containing some strictures on the English of the Hon. George P. Marsh. As Mr. Moon deems Mr. Marsh too true a scholar to shrink from criticism where the intent is all fair, so we may take it for granted that he will not object to be criticised in turn.

The first stricture made by Mr. Moon is on the use of *propose* in the sentence "I propose to contribute," etc.; that is, it is wrong to use that word in the sense of *intend*. It would appear that Mr. Moon thinks *propose* has but one meaning, namely, "make a proposition;" therefore Mr. Marsh, in writing "I propose to contribute," really said "I make a proposition to contribute." Let us see whether Mr. Moon is right in his limitation, or whether, granted the limitation, it avails him anything. To decide all this will need only the statement of a few commonplace facts.

Propose comes from the Latin *propono*, compounded of *pro* and *pono*, and meaning to "place before." Very strict analysis might lead one to conclude that in all cases where the word is used, whether in Latin or in English, there is some adjunct, expressed or understood, for the preposition *pro* to govern. Possibly the force of the preposition is unfelt sometimes. According to the etymology of the word *propose*, then, "I propose to myself" means "I place before myself," either in a literal or figurative sense. Is the

expression incorrect? Probably not. Then it may bear the meaning "I have in mind," "I intend," and "I propose to myself to write" can be used where one wishes to say "I intend to write." Probably there will be no essential difference whether the form of the expression be "I propose," "I make the proposal," or "I make the proposition." Furthermore, Mr. Moon will certainly not insist that the pronoun ought invariably to be expressed with *propose* in the phrase under consideration, and therefore he will permit me to use "I propose to write" as the full equivalent of "I propose to myself to write."

Let us see how this use of *propose* in English is sustained by the analogy of other languages. Take the Latin first, in which one or two examples will be enough. Caesar says, "Consecutus id quod animo *proposuerat*"; i. e., *proposuerat*, "he had proposed," "had designed." Cicero gives us this: "Propositum est ut laborem et industriam meam perspicias;" where render *propositum est* "it is set forth," "my intention is," "I purpose." How is it in the French? We have the same usage there as in the Latin: *se proposer*, "to design;" *Je me propose de faire une promenade*. In French, however, it would not be well to omit the pronoun, while in English there is no objection.

Of course there is no need to tell Mr. Moon that *propose* and *purpose* are different forms of the same word. Therefore, when Mr. Palfrey writes "I *propose* to relate the history of New England," his English is as proper as Macaulay's in the sentence, "I *purpose* to write the history of England;" unless, indeed, *purpose* is the form that is, or ought to be, exclusively used in the sense of *intend*, which I do not admit.

If the above statement of the case be correct, Mr. Moon's criticism of Mr. Marsh, in the instance before us, may be dismissed as perfectly futile.

Respectfully yours,

LEDGE.

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